

**This book is with
tight
Binding**

Keep Your Card in This Pocket

Books will be issued only on presentation of proper library cards.

Unless labeled otherwise, books may be retained for two weeks. Borrowers finding books marked, defaced or mutilated are expected to report same at library desk; otherwise the last borrower will be held responsible for all imperfections discovered.

The card holder is responsible for all books drawn on this card.

Penalty for over-due books 2c a day plus cost of notices.

Lost cards and change of residence must be reported promptly.



Public Library
Kansas City, Mo.

KANSAS CITY, MO. PUBLIC LIBRARY



0 0001 0153077 8

WE MUST BE FREE

WE MUST BE FREE

REFLECTIONS OF A DEMOCRAT

BY

LESLIE ROBERTS



TORONTO: THE MACMILLAN COMPANY OF
CANADA LIMITED, AT ST. MARTIN'S HOUSE
1939

Copyright, Canada, 1939

by

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED

All rights reserved—no part of this book may be reproduced in any form without permission in writing from the publisher, except by a reviewer who wishes to quote brief passages in connection with a review written for inclusion in a magazine or newspaper.

Printed in Canada

The Armac Press Limited, Toronto

For My Wife
And Her Sons,
three valid reasons
for an urgent belief
in all that Freedom
means

“With a great price gained we this freedom”

WE MUST BE FREE

REFLECTIONS OF A DEMOCRAT

BY

LESLIE ROBERTS



TORONTO: THE MACMILLAN COMPANY OF
CANADA LIMITED, AT ST. MARTIN'S HOUSE
1939

Copyright, Canada, 1939

by

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED

All rights reserved—no part of this book may be reproduced in any form without permission in writing from the publisher, except by a reviewer who wishes to quote brief passages in connection with a review written for inclusion in a magazine or newspaper.

Printed in Canada

The Armac Press Limited, Toronto

For My Wife
And Her Sons,
three valid reasons
for an urgent belief
in all that Freedom
means

“With a great price gained we this freedom”

FOREWORD

This is a queer world and we who live in it are queerer, yet one thing seems true of all of us,—we like to believe that we are in the right. We are generally partly right and partly wrong, as are the nations into which we have sorted ourselves out. That will continue to be true as long as the world exists and that is why democracy is the best sort of government for people whose inherited philosophy enables them to differ without quarreling.

When Mr. Roberts asked me to write a foreword for his book he gave a perfectly convincing proof that he knew what he was writing about, for the bargain was that I should be entitled to say where I disagreed with him. I shall take him at his word. I disagree with him about what he and a good many other people call the Quebec Padlock Law. Mr. Roberts writes as though Communism were just another political doctrine. That is exactly what Communism is not. The main tenet on which Lenin disagreed with the middle-way party, of his early days, the foundation on which his own structure was built, was that political action must be accompanied by resolution. A subsidiary tenet, the mortar of the foundation, was and is that government of the people is carried on for the people

not by the people but by a small group of self-appointed and specially trained professionals. (Read Lenin's own words, if you do not like my paraphrase.)

These two principles are infinitely more dangerous to the democracy which Mr. Roberts wants to preserve than is the racial self-worship of Naziism which seems to me a rather poor imitation of Victorian Imperialism, gone mad with summer heat.

In consequence, to say at one moment that we, or preferably our youngers and betters must die in mud, blood and salt-water to suppress Naziism, and to say at another moment that we must not use law to repress Communism seems to me quite contradictory and quite undemocratic. Democrats like Mr. Roberts and the C.C.F. members see the trees but they do not see the wood; perhaps, after all, it was Mr. Duplessis who had the enquiring mind.

In spite of the fact that I disagree with him about the Padlock Law and reserve my right to disagree with him about a few other things, it is a very good thing that Mr. Roberts wrote this book. It will make people think, and it is now, before we Canadians are shaken physically, mentally and economically that we must do our thinking. Are we fighting—once again, to be accurate, are our youngers and betters fighting—to preserve the world as it is? Yesterday I was watching a charming young creature making a moving picture; she was not an actress, but a beautiful and photogenic girl, with nice manners, intelligent

enough to do what she was told and hardworking enough to keep going from seven a.m. to midnight. Today she will get fifteen hundred dollars for talking to Charlie McCarthy, while three hundred young officers of the army and navy, who have had at least as much training, together get about the same total. A brilliant young director, with a yacht-master's certificate and a first-class brain said to me, "It is all wrong. Here am I telling actresses to smoke cigarettes, and there is a war on!" So it is all wrong, and what has happened to the dust-bowl farmers and the Harlan County miners is all wrong too.

Just because those things are all wrong I cannot quite agree with Mr. Roberts in his desire to see the United States in this war now. The United States are far from being united states; a precipitate war might easily cause more trouble internally than it would do good externally and that would be no help to us in Canada. We need, first of all, a sane neighbour, and I believe that American sanity is coming back fast. Next we need a strong neighbour: there are threats on both sides of our continent and the American army is not much more ready for defence than our own. Quite apart from that, Jack Canuck did not ask his Uncle Sam before he joined this war and he has no conceivable right to suggest to uncle what uncle's duty may be.

Now, what about us in Canada?

We shall not all fight in the war, although all of

us will have some part connected with it to play. But those of us who are not fighting had better spend the next few months and years strengthening our keep in this Canada. We know what democracy is, the maximum of individual freedom with the maximum of law and order. We may have failed democracy; sometimes law may have invaded freedom, sometimes freedom may have outrun law; but democracy has not failed and will not fail if we use it aright. One error we too often commit, we too often think of freedom in terms of ourselves. Let us sometimes think of freedom in terms of others, let us think of the able young farmer fettered to a poor farm; let us think of the brilliant young mind fettered to an impoverished school or college; let us think of the earnest politician bound by a hundred chains which keep him from moving as he would like to. Let us see to it that the coming years free us not only from false creeds but from the handicaps that prevent us from following our own creed.

WILFRID BOVEY.

Los Angeles, California, Sept. 24, 1939.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
ONE	A Freeman Looks at War - -	3
TWO	The Decline of This Freedom - -	23
THREE	Jack Canuck and Uncle Sam - -	49
FOUR	National Governments and the Protest Parties - - - -	75
FIVE	Politics and the Spoils System -	89
SIX	The Much-Abused M.P. - - -	101
SEVEN	Accuracy and the Press - - -	110
EIGHT	The Balkan States of Canada - -	138
NINE	A Footnote to Our English- Canadian Mentality - - -	161
TEN	Testament of Youth - - - -	170
ELEVEN	Dolers and Dollars - - - -	186
TWELVE	The Jews: Saviours of Democracy	207
THIRTEEN	The Whisper of Death - - -	215
FOURTEEN	Arming For What? - - - -	235
L'ENVOI	- - - - - - - - -	247

INTRODUCTION

Too much time has been spent by the people of the so-called democracies in fretting over the state of man's freedom in the thithermost parts of the earth, but not enough by comparison in concerning themselves with the decline of liberty at home.

As a matter of fact freedom, as such, long since virtually disappeared from the civilized world and seems to have been of little interest, except as a label, to those who professed to be freemen. Much talk has gone on, of course, about the defence of free institutions but there is grave reason to doubt if the discussions we have held and the thoughts in our minds for some years past have borne as much on freedom as on the preservation of the *status quo*. Suddenly, however, the impact of war itself has changed all that. The need to be free lives in men's minds again as it has not lived there for two decades. Events of the past few years and, more particularly, those of 1938 and 1939, have jolted most of us on this continent to our roots. When this book was begun we lived from day to day in an atmosphere of impending catastrophe comparable to a state of undeclared World War. As it is finished, death and destruction are here again

and our own country is involved in the struggle for the right of freedom to survive.

In the United States the most visible and audible phenomenon arising from this crisis mentality has been the setting off in full cry of the isolationists—and the intelligent man or woman is bound to find much in their claims that is of good report or, if you prefer the term, much that makes sense. I admit I did—until the very day when the issue was joined. Now no doubt remains as to what our course must be. Two wars must be fought. In the first Hitlerism and every bestial horror that the term connotes must be wiped from the earth. That done we must fight with new vigour to win the peace for democracy. The second task, when we can face it, will be every bit as urgent as the first is now. Would that our neighbours could see it in that light! This is not an English war we are making ready to fight. This is civilization's war. The job now is to win the war and then to reorganize our civilization and make it liveable for all men.

Certainly we Canadians have not been good democrats for some time past, perhaps because of the muddled nature of our external associations and the intricacies of our internal race combination. We tolerate, for example, the statutory excrescence known as Quebec's Padlock Law, which was put on the books solely as the result of a people's terror of the word Communism. But the Padlock Law was never de-

signed to destroy the sort of terrorism Canadians abhor, for the law does not even attempt to define the term, but leaves decision as to what Communism is to the Attorney-General, thereby giving the gentleman a weapon with which to belabour his political enemies, or to muzzle a hostile press, as and when he may see fit. The Padlock Law is not particularly remarkable as an enactment, of course. Since the beginnings of time somebody has always been trying to curb the liberties of the subject by legislating the citizen's mind into defined channels. What is remarkable, however, is the limp consent of the governed. There is something radically wrong with a people who can accept such statutes. Then we have witnessed the hysteria of members of so-called patriotic societies in clamouring for the heads of professors who dare to express views at variance with the formal concepts of patriotism. In fine, a great many lip-service democrats have been reduced to such a bad state of queasiness by events beyond the seas that they have insisted that all men accept hard and fast rules of thought and conduct or suffer the consequences, which may consist of being locked out of their homes by the *gestapo*, or being fired out of hand from their jobs. Regimented Freedom is the only term which describes the desideratum of these ladies and gentlemen, and it is a term which has all the charming quality of the commodity which the Latin books call the *non sequitur*. That is not the writer's estimate of freedom.

Nor is it the estimate set forth in Magna Charta, a document about which our professional patriots grow highly voluble on public occasions. What we are fighting for now is the right of men to express views contrary to what seems to be majority opinion. Yet you will find many loyal folk who would cheerfully scrap our freedom today on the presumption that this is the proper way to go about saving it. We need no padlock laws here, no concentration camps for isolationist professors, war or no war.

The purpose of these chapters is to focus attention on the decline of freedom and to examine the state of its health, not in the authoritarian states but in the so-called democracies and, in particular, in my own country, Canada. There are reasons for this beyond the patent one, that, as a Canadian, I know more about Canada than I do about any other surviving, or alleged, democracy. One is that Canada is a hybrid nation, half American and half British, often spoken of as a buffer state lying between London and Washington and presumed to be a reflector of each—an extremely important rôle today. Another is that Canada, as the home of two races, each of which retains its own identity, presents facets not to be found elsewhere. Still another is that this Dominion, as a young country, should, according to popular belief (in Canada, at least) be more virile and, therefore, more concerned with liberty than older and more effete lands are. Yet Canadians showed little,

if any, interest in the preservation, or re-establishment, of human freedom as an abstract, but extremely important, theory of life until the catastrophe came. Instead, they confused the term with their own pious hopes of keeping clear of war, or of getting into a war which would have the maintenance of Things As They Are as its objective, not the saving of freedom.

To the writer's way of thinking, human liberty is the only thing which remains worth while for a man to bother about. Liberty itself has never been a pure philosophy, but is one which depends upon all manner of contradictions. Purify it and liberty disappears. Let us examine a hypothetical case, for clarification's sake:

Suppose every child in Canada were to be sent through the education foundries as a potential cog-wheel in the national economy, the size, shape and future functions of which cog the educationists could be given power to determine. Suppose the experts could gear the school system to that economy, and *vice versa*, so that every human unit's place in the scheme of things-to-be could be determined in advance. No doubt we should become a much more efficient nation, but freedom of the subject (which includes the subject's right to divert his own life into wrong channels, and even to make a mess of it, if he insists) would disappear. I am sure a great many educators, politicians and captains of industry and finance would think well of such a programme. But

if you believe in freedom regimented education would not be a good idea, because freedom depends for its existence on individualism, on the rule of trial-and-error, and on the right of the individual, the group or the nation to function in individualistic fashion. Nevertheless anyone, excepting those who want to keep education in the middle-ages muddle which characterizes it today, will admit the need for modernizing and reorganizing it—but that work must be done by the will of the people, not by conscriptive methods. (Incidentally, proof has never been established that the dictator-ruled countries have succeeded in organizing the human mind, but only that they know how to regiment human bodies, an altogether different matter). What has to be done, then, is to organize the State for its tasks, first to fight a war, then to win true peace—to organize but not to regiment it, in education and in every other facet of our life, for education is mentioned here solely as a case example of what must be done on every hand. A belief in freedom is useless unless it is accompanied by a corollary belief in the incurable fallibility of the individual and of his servant, the State. That is what we are fighting now to save—on the home front as well as in Europe.

Knowlton, Quebec, Canada,
September fifteenth, 1939.

WE MUST BE FREE

CHAPTER ONE

A FREEMAN LOOKS AT WAR

ONE thing has been borne in on me during all these wretched months while I, and God knows how many millions of my kind, have been expecting our strange new world to collapse about our ears. I have discovered that any way of life which does not permit all men to think as they please, to live as they please within the four walls of what we call decency is intolerable and insupportable.

That strange world has now collapsed over our ears like a house of cards. The Hun is on the march again. Cities are being razed by bomb and shell. Submarines are sending defenceless ships to the bottom. Civilians across Europe take to their beds in terror of attack, rush half-clad to the shelters when the sirens screech the alarm. In Canada, as in a dozen Dominions and Colonies, young men are swarming to the colours; survivors of the first World War are endeavouring to convince the M.O. they are as good as ever. By everything that may be read in our fate another generation is to be immersed in the blood bath.

I am constrained to reveal my own folly. Since putting aside such swaddling as was worn in the days

of my youth, I have enjoyed the doubtful pleasure of witnessing one saving of democracy and, in all conscience, did not think much of it. Yet throughout each recurring stage when what we used to accept as democracy has been close to the stake again, I confess I have come perilously near to being one of those who would gird the other loin. This, mark you, in spite of the fact that democracy was not saved on that occasion and that those charged with its salvation at the conference table made a sorry mess of their task, after the dying had been done by the true democrats. If I rejoice today that we did not rush to arms to prevent the rape of Czechoslovakia, it is because the brief months which have elapsed since that unholy business was permitted to happen have demonstrated clearly that the political leaders of Western Europe were not then interested in democracy, as such, but only in self-preservation and in numerous expedients arising from that state of mind. If I suffered qualms as we first "went to the aid of Poland" it was because I wondered what will be done about freedom once Hitler and his gang are out of the way. All that interests me is liberty, or democracy, as such. These qualms do not apply to the vast majority of the people who inhabit the British Isles. Like us they were left to flounder in a sargasso sea of misinformation, surrounded by the deliberate falsehood of official silence. What is said in criticism is aimed at those political leaders during the past two decades whose interest, I am convinced,

has been primarily in the maintenance of their shop-worn caste system which they fondly regarded as the essence of democracy, but which was nothing of the sort. I believe they have suddenly seen the light. They must not be allowed to lose sight of it.

Human liberty, then, has been faced by a peculiar group of conditions and circumstances. The peoples who dwell in the European countries which are governed through parliaments are essentially freedom-loving. But their recent leaders have not been believers in liberty. They have run, rather, to an amazing paternalistic philosophy which is linked closely to the maintenance of lopsided economic structures and most of them are open to the accusation that they surrendered almost every shred of their nations' vaunted honour, in order that the economy itself might be saved. Mark you, their intentions were always of the best. But that is because they can never quite recover from their admiration of a Deity Who constantly shows such good British common sense as to permit the manna of office to fall into their copious laps. I do not concur with this estimate of the Heavenly Grace. Once upon a time I did, finding something which I regarded as the essence of all probity in that dignified Gothic façade, the English Tory face, behind its pipe or adjacent to a rolled umbrella *couchant*. But recent events have caused me to decide that what these gentlemen were trying to save was the Die-Hard system, that devious labyrinth

of rolling mills, cotton spinning looms, coal mines, tramp steamers and share certificates which, to them, comprised the alpha and omega of Merrie England. Actually they *liked* what Germany was doing. At first it seemed to them to contain the makings of an orderly system which, in modified or conditioned form, would be good for England, or for any other country. Finally, the true horror of what Naziism means was brought home to them, and they have taken up the torch. The only thing for a man who has the impelling urge to be free is to join them.

The relations of Britain and France with Germany over these past twenty years have been inexplicable. Beginning with Lloyd George and the "Hang the Kaiser!" election the gamut has been run through to its ludicrous limit, with Germany's once royal family still installed in state in nearby Holland and Benes swinging from the yardarm instead, with half-authoritarian Poland replacing Czechoslovakia as the nation to be saved. When "appeasement" would have been of value, in 1918, as an act of generosity to a vanquished race who were endeavouring to shake off their shackles and found a democratic state on the ruins of the old Germany, Britain and France cracked the lash across the German back until blood spurted from the raw wounds—this at a time when the man who had fought the Germans had come to recognize his enemies as ~~brothers~~ under the skin. That is what Britain's rulers

did for democracy twenty years ago. Progressively through these two decades that policy degenerated from infamous to worse. As long as Germany remained peaceable and democratic France and Britain swung the whip. As soon as Germany, in despair, turned back to autocracy, arms and regimentation we began to court her, to give her leaders their heads. Finally the "appeasement" crowd contrived to convert a major catastrophe into a world disaster by turning every cheek which may be found on the British anatomy to the fist and boot of a national leader (what a term to use!) whose name is anathema to every man, woman and child who holds even the slightest degree of belief in the common decencies of civilization.

I will go even further. It is my urgent belief that the only reason Chamberlain and his group first brought their policy of "appeasement" to a halt was because to continue it further would have meant certain annihilation at the hands of the British voter. If England's back has stiffened, the people forced it. Otherwise Neville Chamberlain might still be riding away on new junkets astride his umbrella, tearfully telling mankind of the sorrows which ravage and shrive his soul. (The rank and file of the English people are democratic and possess a greater inherent love of freedom than any race on the footstool.) Their Governments, or those which have served them during this century of grace, at least, have not been of that

breed. In this lies one of the most remarkable anachronisms, the result, perhaps, of the almost complete gullibility of the freeman.

To recapitulate, Great Britain's Governments have led off with the wrong foot for twenty years. The peace which Lloyd George and Clemenceau forged at Versailles was a peace of hatred and was completely at discord with the viewpoint of the men who had fought the War. There is reason to believe that the Germany which came to court to hear the verdict of the victors was a Germany reborn, realizing that it had been betrayed by its own leaders. A German people, accorded humane treatment (as promised in the Fourteen Points) might have responded in kind and, after establishing their own democratic institutions, might have come back to the meeting place of the nations in a spirit of concord to assist us in building an enduring world peace. Perhaps so, perhaps not. But of one thing we could be sure; that is, that the method we then employed could only lead to a renewal of hate, the smouldering fire of which would burst anew into flame as soon as the right man touched it with his torch.

The man came. It is not surprising that Germany followed him. But the record of England and France is beyond comprehension. It is not even important to wonder now whether what happened was inspired by fear of Stalin or admiration of Naziism.

Long before this, the assembly of the nations which

had been set up to insure the peace of the world (an impossible task, thanks to the Treaty) had blandly set about committing *hara-kiri* on the sabre of diplomatic phrase as the highwaymen took to the road again. Very largely the guidance was that of England and France. Japan was allowed free rein in Manchuria. Italy was permitted to gulp its vial of black Ethiopian wine. The blind eye was turned to Spanish Fascists as they ravaged their homeland in the sacred name of love of country. From its inception the League failed to fulfil its high purpose, primarily because its foster-parents never intended that it should. The "damned American" was given his Covenant and went home. The cynics remained and wrote the Treaty they wanted.

Such has been the record of our democratic leaders since last the Beast stalked across the dunghheap of Flanders. As leaders of people in whom the love of justice is inherent, they met their match in the new breed of mountebanks who stalk the European countryside. The new highwaymen are not understandable fellows. They make no pretence to piety, but take what they want as and when they need it, in full public view, *sans* apology and *sans* explanation. They do not even observe the code of honour among thieves.

I am not talking about Cliveden Sets and such like cabals, products of uninformed imaginations. I do not believe for a moment that Chamberlain, Lothian, Simon, Hoare and all the other fellows were

involved in any dastardly plot to nazify Britain. Not for a moment. I do believe that they and their kind saw much to admire in certain aspects of the German renaissance, much to admire in the docile German temperament (what great industrialist or upper class man wouldn't!) and that they hoped for some sort of spiritual *anschluss* with Hitler Germany, and even thought they had it when Chamberlain left Munich for home. It must have been an awful shock.

All that is behind us now. But it must be kept in the record, for we shall need to think of it later, when Peace is made.

II

It is on the basis of this record that we are now invited to affirm our confidence in these gentlemen, or in such gentlemen as may succeed them, and proclaim our willingness to participate in another great adventure, no matter what it may be. In the light of the record the request is not reasonable. Yet I accept it. The first job is to rid the world of the pestilence. After that we can turn our attention to mending our own ways, but not till then.

As for myself, I am prepared to meet any challenge to the way of life in which I believe, provided those who require my enlistment are themselves ranged on the side of the freeman's life. I am *not* prepared to participate in any madcap orgy, the object of which is national aggrandisement, or merely the mainten-

ance of the *status quo*. How we are to judge between right and wrong, I cannot tell you. The present book of rules is not designed to permit the layman to comprehend what goes on. Another World War has come and our youth is asked to rush again to the colours without any true knowledge of what they are fighting for, unless the rules can be changed. We are not admitted to the secrets of these great minds which shield our destinies. Politicos, editors and other leaders of national thought pontifically inform us that we must not expect to be allowed to see behind the scenes, that the duty of a loyal citizen is not to ask questions about his impending demise, but simply to be ready for it. That is easily said, because leaders of national thought die in beds, not in ditches.

Here, then, is a group of so-called democratic states, the inhabitants of which find intolerable any way of life other than that of the freeman, led by men who, on the basis of their record, have not raised a finger in freedom's defence until now. Thus, The Day comes again and we find ourselves faced by a dual task; first to rid the world of the Beast, second to write an enduring peace of justice to *all* men. None of us wants to see what is left of democracy go down. We must make sure this time that the victory we shall win will bring the re-establishment of democracy.

Many men and women on this continent had hoped there might be time to rewrite the rules. The time to set freedom's house in order is not when the call

to arms resounds, for then it is too late. From this continent we cannot influence relations between the Government of the United Kingdom and the people who elect it. Nor have we much to say (and apparently never shall have) about the relations of that Government and the European continental powers. But we *can* control relations between London and Ottawa and between the Government at Ottawa and the people of Canada. Throughout our life our transatlantic contact has consisted of little more than the receipt of information concerning *faits accomplis* and announcements of policy already determined. Consultation has been little more than a pretence. We have been faced, then, by the concrete wall of decisions already taken and possessed very little information as to what the objectives of the Government in London might be, except as they involved a vague and rambling hope for the preservation of peace in our time. Lacking our share, then, in the determination of policy which affects the entire fabric of the Commonwealth, it seemed to many Canadians that the only option open to us was to state on what terms *we* would be prepared to fight and what principles *we* were prepared to defend on foreign fields.

It is too late for that now. But if this is to be a long war, followed by the national nausea which was our heritage last time, we must look for another rewriting of the charter of Empire.

Practically everything said in Canada about

Europe since the beginning of the power politics period has viewed the problem through Alice in Wonderland eyes. The ranting Imperialists, on the one hand, took the attitude that we must pledge ourselves to Britain, come weal or woe, to the last man and his last drop of blood. That is the equivalent of saying that a man must die first and ascertain only after his arrival in the happy hunting grounds what brought him there. Others, including the espousers of the fatuous *Laurentia* idea at one end of the arc and true believers in continental isolation at the other extremity, urged us to stay at home, no matter the circumstances. Neither attitude is feasible. What we have to defend is our way of life, not somebody else's imperialistic impulses (and defence seems to be needed at home quite as much as it is required on foreign fields). Would it have been unreasonable, then, for us to express the view that inasmuch as we are not permitted to determine what is to happen abroad, we would lend aid only on terms which plainly establish what the outcome is to be if our side wins? I think not. Our only interest here is in the maintenance of liberty, certainly not in the subjugation of Germany, nor in any attempt to make the Reich a vassal state. Our position in this respect ought to have been plainly established before trouble came. We were working towards it before the bomb-shell burst. Frankly, it is difficult to be very critical of those who believed in continental isolation. The

isolationist is not necessarily a conscientious objector, nor what unthinking zealots like to describe as a yellow cur. All he needs be is a fellow who is tired of being misled, the more so because his personal contribution is likely to consist of strewing his own entrails on the European plain. If the nations comprising the British Commonwealth had come forward with a declaration of faith in democracy and had implemented it, from 1918 onwards, if the great democracy which adjoins Canada had not become estranged in spirit as the result of Versailles, if together we had affirmed our determination to defend this way of life, even to the point of stating that our only objective, if forced to take up arms, would be to establish man's rights, the era of bully-and-grab in Europe would not have been born. Unfortunately it is too late for another backward look. Trouble is on us—and we have ties.

III

Democracy on this continent faces another problem, that of the individual democrat and his outlook. This way of life, being individualistic, is naturally undisciplined and selfish. The individual practitioner is brought up to the idea that the world runs on a basis of every man for himself and that it behooves him to look out for Number One. Coupled to a love of the brotherhood, such a design for living may be of excellent report, but denuded of its brotherhood as-

pects, the rugged individualism of the democrat can itself become a menace to mankind every bit as great as strident despotism. Obviously, then, even democracy must be controlled, in order that the individual may not impose his will on his fellow men by virtue of powers which accrue to him through the possession of wealth. Wealth itself must be controlled, else the economics of the system go out of kilter.

This system, like all others yet invented by man, works intolerable hardship on a majority of its believers. Its basic rule is the rule of hodge-podge. Its internal parts always seem to be working against each other. There has never been a time in history when, provided no outsider has been trying to pull it to pieces, it was not adjudged on the point of collapse. By the same token the times have been few when attack from without did not bring its sickened alimentary tract back to a state of vulgar good health. Its very weakness becomes its strength in time of trouble.

The fact remains, however, that the individual democrat does not work at his trade until he is forced to do so by circumstances. When clouds appear on his horizon his first thoughts are: How will this affect me? Shall I lose everything I own? Shall I have to go and stand in mud up to my withers with a gun in my hand? Ultimately, of course, he decides that his assets, even his life, are of no further value to him if he is to become a bond slave. Once let him

face the actuality and he becomes unstoppable. That is what is happening today. But there is one thing to be remembered this time which we overlooked twenty years ago: it is not enough to fight and win a war, as we shall; once war ends we shall have to fight to secure a freeman's peace, the peace we did not win in Flanders.

To leave it all to the other fellow is all very well as a topsy-turvy scheme of life, but it is the very quality which keeps the democratic peoples in hot water. When the stream runs smooth the individual cannot be bothered to examine his responsibilities to anyone but himself and his dependants, and is too busy living his own life to bother his head about the State. Therefore he leaves State matters to those whom he has chosen to direct them. Sometimes those leaders bungle. Often they concern themselves with policies far removed from every ideal of the democratic way. By the time the individual awakens to the discovery that trouble is upon him no time remains to assess its causes and he must rely on the propaganda of those who have mismanaged his affairs for the formation of his outlook.

Basically, then, one of the most serious aspects of freedom's current state of ill health arises from the fact that the individual has been a passive, not an active, freeman. He has failed to maintain an intelligent awareness of events in his world, preferring to let well enough alone rather than to try to fathom

the ponderables and imponderables of human relationship.

If such an outlook is to continue, the future for democracy *after the War* is not bright. We shall wade through the slough again, as we have waded it before.

If democracy's leaders have betrayed the spirit of democracy, the fault lies as much with those who, through lack of interest, have permitted the betrayal to go unquestioned as it does with the muddlers and meddlers whose guidance brought democracy to this pass.

IV

The state of mind of the perplexed democrat at such a time as this is difficult indeed to fathom. As this is written we are engaged again in war, a war into which we have blundered our way through twenty years during most of which we paid precious little attention to the business of standing guard over man's freedom. There is no withdrawing, no abstaining. We are in. The first job is to rid our civilization of despotism; the second is to restore democracy and freedom to the world in which we live. If we fail in the latter, then the young men who will die in their tens of thousands will die in vain—and a year after it is over we shall be saying so publicly on the streets, as we said it twenty years ago. If all that interests us is to defeat Hitler and remove him permanently from human sight and ken, because he has affronted our

established majesty and dominion, then it is enough to win a war (but not enough for men to die for). But if what we fight for is the clear establishment of the right of *all* men to be free, German men as well as Canadian men, then there will be much to do the moment war ends.

But, first, how should we deport ourselves while hostilities last?

In going to war the danger is present that the first act we shall perform is to abandon democracy in order to save it. War wreaks tremendous, almost unbearable, havocs on the emotions of the individual. Straight thinking tends to go by the boards. The man who will fight tooth and claw to preserve his smallest rights in time of peace gladly throws them away as soon as hostilities begin. As this is written, for example, the newspaper press indulges itself in editorial denunciations of Mr. Paul Gouin of Montreal, leader of l'Action Libérale party in the Province of Quebec, for his urging of Canadian abstention at a meeting in the Maisonneuve Market. I do not happen to agree with Mr. Gouin, although I am constrained to admit that much of what he says is sensible, particularly when it is considered alongside the fact that his people are much more completely removed from Europe than are the English-Canadians. But I cannot go along with those who would hale young Mr. Gouin off to the common gaol, because what we are now seeking to re-establish is the privilege of Gouin, or anyone

else, to advance views which many of us find incompatible with our beliefs.

Before war was two days old a friend called me to the telephone to inquire if I had heard a certain newscast. It had come, apparently, at a time when the sponsor (a reliable source) had little news from Britain to give to the world, whereas a number of bulletins of Berlin origin were available. These my friend described as "German propaganda", as perhaps they were. From this description he argued that all such material should be barred from the air and the press, that henceforth we should be permitted to read and hear only news put forth by our own side, presumably in the form of official communiques. I cannot go along with the view. The hypothesis that democracy is worth fighting for presumes arrival at the *quod erat demonstrandum* that we are a healthy species who, according to the vernacular of the times, can take it. I see no valid reason for withholding bad news from us, as and when it comes, as it will, nor in the presumption that to overhear the burblings of Berlin will ruin our delicate constitutions. (In any event audition cannot be prevented, unless the local *gestapo* is to seize all the short-wave sets, or even the long-wave equipment capable of receiving through United States stations. If we veer off at such tangents as this we shouldn't be fighting Hitler). Freedom of speech, freedom of press, the new freedom of the ears, are amongst the rights we are fighting to

maintain. Excepting the divulging of material likely to be of value to the enemy, it is to our advantage to keep and enjoy the rights we proclaim ourselves as desirous of supporting.

Not all Canadians envisage our approach to war through the same eyes. Some would like to abstain. Some would accept complete surrender of everything we hold dear by throwing it into the crucible. Some want conscription of every item of possible national effort—and it might be easy to travel in their company if the conscription should include the last atom of every Canadian's service, including war profits, dividends, labour in war industries and in the production of the necessities of life at home. Others want no conscription of any sort. Others simply want young men conscripted, the stay-at-homes left to pile up as much profit as they can conveniently conceal. I am not debating the points at issue. All that is stressed here is that eleven millions of people, accustomed to a reasonably free way of living, to freedom of speech, press, conscience and mind, cannot be expected to agree on a single approach to the world cataclysm. There is no reason why they should. That we do not is no sign that the nonconformist is not every bit as good a Canadian as the greatest gospel-shouter in the land. I would even go so far as to submit that our affairs will be in considerably better case when the day arrives on which the Opposition begins to oppose, because when that day comes it will indicate

that we are beginning to look at the problems ahead through normal eyes. Above all, I pray God that the mere fact that, say, ninety per cent. of us accept active prosecution of the war as our first duty, will not lead us into denunciation, or to the verge of persecution, of the small minority who may see the matter otherwise. That minority will not enjoy the right to dynamite industrial establishments, but it does enjoy the right to its opinion, and to voice that opinion. What else is this democrat's creed we fight to maintain?

As to the war, no choice remains but to fight it out to the end. With much that has gone before many Canadians are in complete discord, if only because a generation was sacrificed in Flanders, and sacrificed, we know now, in vain. What has happened is the result of our own bungling almost as much as it is of the growth of Naziism, so much so that it is almost impossible for anyone who attempts to reason the matter to escape a sense of utter futility. Those who were too young for the last war, or who were unable or unfit to go, or simply did not like the idea, may be unable to comprehend such a viewpoint. But some of those who came back will understand it. Nevertheless we must fight. Hitler must go.

What, then, of the peace we shall sign after victory? It will avail democracy nothing if our object is to crush the German people. We tried that at Versailles, with the result we now see. It is impossible to exterminate a race. They rise again and seek to destroy

the exterminator. The task which faces the democracies, then, is to destroy despotism, not to erase its dupes. Once that is done, the account is squared. Thereafter it becomes our task to evolve a way of peaceful living which will render impossible any further repetition of what we face today, to establish a peaceful, disarmed Germany which can never arm again, while the freedom-loving peoples police, not trade (which we did last time) but warlike aspirations (which we neglected to police when the opportunity was available). Unless freedom can be restored, in Germany as in Britain, then the war we fight today is in vain and the generation of Canadian men who must offer up the sacrifice had better stay at home and till the fields.

Such are the reflections of a working freeman as he faces armageddon for a second time in his own comparative youth. Despotism must go. Therefore we must pledge ourselves to its destruction. Freedom must return to our world. Therefore we must fight for a freeman's peace when war ends with an energy identical with that we now give to the encompassing of our enemies.

CHAPTER TWO

THE DECLINE OF THIS FREEDOM

FOR many months before we were immersed again in war whenever two or three Canadians began to wonder together about the ebb in the tide of human liberty, conversation immediately turned to what has come to be known as Quebec's Padlock Law, as well it might. Quebec's Prime Minister and his friends have not been the only devourers of liberty, however. In point of fact those who nibble while Duplessis swallows at a gulp may be more insidious foes of freedom than the provincialists along the St. Lawrence. Those strange people who now howl for the gag to be applied to all who dissent from our participation in war are every bit as great enemies of the commonweal as any member of Quebec's docile Legislature. Duplessis at least works in the open, whereas the others remain under cover and in many cases contrive to have themselves accepted as friends of virtually everything the freeman holds dear. These others snipe from unexpected quarters. Duplessis at least has the common decency to lay down a barrage, so that anyone knows what the shooting is about.

In order to comprehend what makes possible such

enactments as the Padlock Law, it is necessary, first, to understand the workings of the French-Canadian mind which is, basically, an extremely logical instrument addicted to complete simplification of its problems and, therefore, to occasional highly illogical acts. All that French Canada has seen is the *malaise* to which it has pasted the label Communism. The thing to do, in French Canada's opinion, was to prevent any spreading of the malady, without troubling to diagnose it, or without bothering to consider whether the attempt to cure one disease, by pouring preventive medicines down the patient's throat, might cause other ailments, due to the intricate quality of his internal machinery, or to the allergies he has picked up in the course of living a life.

Thus it is utterly without avail to point out to the average Quebecois that his beautiful law may cure the alleged communistic tendencies of a few people by removing the rights of all. It does not one jot of good to tell him that he has permitted his governors to make a muzzle which they may clamp on the press as and when they may see fit to do so, without possessing any right to apply such muzzles. If such right exists at all, it is Ottawa's—and only Ottawa's. He simply replies that, obviously, that muzzle will not be used unless and until the press misbehaves. It is useless to tell him that, in the event of any act being committed by him which brings displeasure to the authorities, he has presented them with a spring lock,

by means of which they can (and will) bar him from the use and enjoyment of his own premises without resort to the customary procedures of the law of the land. He simply smiles on you, as though you were a fellow given to hair-splitting, and goes on to tell you that a way is still open to the avoidance of such discomforts, which is to comport one's self as a good citizen.

It is common practice in this Land of the Free to denounce as a raiser of race cries anyone who ventures to examine the characteristics of either people who make up the Canadian population. That is a feckless complaint. Certainly it is not the writer's intention to disturb the bedding of *bonne entente*. As a matter of fact I am inclined to think that the cause of concord in Canada might be greatly aided if each race would take time out to ponder the qualities of the other and would proceed thence to make allowances for the differences which exist. That way it is possible that, by exercising tolerance, we might come to a more permanent concord.

The basic difference between the English-Canadian mind and that of the French-Canadian, is that the former is fertile ground for the cultivation of influences, whereas the latter prefers hard and fast rules. The French-Canadian citizen is a disciplined fellow. He accepts the dicta of his Church without question; the English-Canadian, excepting the occasional devout extremist, will have nothing to do with the idea

of religious authority. The French-Canadian, due to his training, down the years, *wants* a course that is charted by a series of simply stated rules. He believes by instinct in firm leadership and wouldn't give a snap of his fingers for the boss, whether of Church, State or his individual job, who doesn't call the tune. That is why such enactments as the Padlock Law are completely understandable. He has been told, first, that Communism is a terrible thing. He accepts the statement because his "betters" tell him so. He neither queries nor examines it. Thus, since Communism is "bad", what could be more logical than to pass a law which says so and which designs punishments suitable to the sort of *canaille* who would practise its black arts? It doesn't even matter if the law destroys his own rights, for he will tell you (regarding you almost as a dangerous species because you question vested authority's opinions of the business) that the minions of the law descend only upon transgressors and that the good citizen always will be immune from attack. You may recall the tumult which ensued when Montreal's Mayor Houde pointed out that the French-Canadian wants strong leadership (for which reason he has been alleged to entertain no little sympathy for Fascist Italy). The fact remains that he does want it, from the State, from the Church, from his employer. Perhaps he is not a democrat as we might define the term. He is the State's servant, not the State his. But he enjoys one advantage not common

to his English-speaking cousins: at least he knows in what he believes and has a clear concept of the rules of living, as laid down for him by others, but which he accepts without question.

What, then, is this Padlock Law? What is it designed to do? What are its actual effects?

The Act is aimed primarily at what is loosely termed Communism and seeks to bar the dissemination of communist propaganda. It grants to the Attorney-General the right to padlock premises which in the opinion of that official are used as reservoirs or distribution points, and, in order to do so, it usurps the powers of every law of the land by seeking to conceal itself behind the jurisdiction over property inherent in the province. Those who oppose it do so on the grounds that it encroaches on the terrain of the Criminal Code, that it enables the police to act without warrant, over-riding every accepted canon of man's charter of freedom, and completely destroys the theory of the inviolability of the citizen's home. Under its terms, and under the method of enforcement adopted by the police, nothing prevents Mr. Duplessis' officers from walking into the premises of the *Montreal Star*, if that erudite journal should venture to utter an editorial opinion estimated by the Attorney-General as being communistic propaganda, and padlocking the building against the owners, all without due process of law. Equally under its terms and the mode of enforcement, the same officers may

raid my home and, if they discover a copy of Marx's *Das Kapital* on my shelves, and believe that I have been lending it to my friends (thereby spreading communist propaganda), bar me from further access to the house for a period of one year, again *sans* prior process of law.

It is at this juncture that thoughtful people in whose nostrils such enactments are an intolerable stench, find themselves faced by the peculiar logic of the *Canadien* mind, which prefers the spreading of chloride of lime over the source of the effluvium to swinging a shovel and removing the cause. Obviously, says French Canada, Mr Duplessis is not going to march in on Mr. McConnell at the *Star* and padlock his premises, because Mr. McConnell is not a Communist. So long as the proprietor of the *Star* remains a "good" citizen (or, I suspect, an influential one) he has nothing to fear. "Nor have I," says Jean Baptiste, "so long as I decorate my bookshelves with 'decent' literature." My objection is that I do not wish to convey to the provincial administration the right to judge what constitutes decency in literary material, nor to adjudicate upon what views the press may expound to its readers (remembering that the Criminal Code provides all necessary punishments for those who preach sedition, for those alleged to commit libel and for those who publish obscenity). When to these privileges of judgment is added the right to search a citizen's premises for "communistic"

propaganda without warrant and to padlock the doors on any flimsy pretext, then I, for one, am up in arms. What is even worse, however, is that the law leaves the definition of Communism to the Attorney-General and, conceivably, permits him to regard any expressed opinion which runs contrary to his own as being communistic, and any reading matter of which he does not approve as being of Muscovite origin. French Canada accepts this law because it accepts the doctrine of the State's supremacy over the individual and believes, without possessing the vestige of an idea what Communism is, that Mr. Duplessis is rendering mankind a service by attacking it and, therefore, is entitled to fight it with whatever weapons he can forge.

I am as opposed to Stalin (and to Communism, if what he represents is Communism, which I question) as I am to Hitler. But I am as violently opposed to the use of bogey-man words by a government to encroach on the terrain of another government and create a "crime condition" which it does not even define. It all smells too much like Naziism.

II

Certain activities of the *gestapo*, operating under the terms of this bizarre enactment, completely justify the opinion of those who have denounced it as a law totally unacceptable in any country professing to a free way of life. As a beginning Mr. Duplessis' cos-

sackry raided the bookstalls of Montreal and seized bundles of some of the most widely read magazines on the continent, because they contained articles, written by eminent authors, in which the writers examined certain phases of human existence which the Quebec authorities do not find palatable. A second step was the seizure of books, not merely books which everyone acknowledges to be expositions of political or economic dogmas with which the Quebec administration is at discord, but books by writers who are recognized authorities on a wide range of topics of a nature in which any inquisitive mind is likely to be interested. Books by John Strachey who, after all, is an intelligent man capable of intelligent exposition and, therefore, worthy of intelligent consideration, were seized. Another which comes to mind is a discussion of world affairs the preface of which came from the pen of the Anglican Bishop of Durham. But Mr. Duplessis does not believe in the inquiring mind. There lies the basic point of clash.

But the sorry business does not end there. Recently, for example, the premises of a certain Evariste Dubé were raided in Montreal and the tenant and five visitors were removed to the nearest Police Station by the Prime Minister's Provincials. No warrants were served. Not one of the six men was arrested. They were simply removed to the jailhouse, where they were held *incommunicado* for several hours, until it suddenly dawned on their inquisitors

that the sextette was being detained without legal right or cause. They were released only when it became apparent that no charge of any sort could be laid against six men who, when raided by the police within the walls of one of their number, were merely sitting on chairs talking to each other. Dubé, apparently, is admittedly a Communist. That is his privilege under the law of Canada. The Quebec Government cannot change that law and, therefore, cannot destroy Dubé's right to hold and express any opinions he chooses to expound. But it can harass and persecute him, and so does.

The religious sect known as Jehovah's Witnesses are another group to have come into the disfavour of the padlockers, their conception of the best highway to heaven not being quite on all fours with that of the formalists. A young man of Quebec, Lessard, who, after being padlocked out of his home forcibly readmitted himself, has been sent to the penitentiary for two years, not for violating the Padlock Law, but for conspiring to obstruct peace officers in the performance of their duties. His companion, Drouin, is serving a one-year term. In Montreal those who rent places of business or residence to people suspected of communist views, are visited by the police and warned to rid themselves of their tenants within a delay of days, or suffer the consequences of the clamp. The list of persecutions carried out under the aegis of this infamous measure is almost endless, but it is inter-

esting to note that the depredations of the police are not aimed at people who may be judged to possess any influence in the community. Great caution is taken not to catch any tartars, but only to persecute persons likely to find disfavour with those who profess to be "good citizens".

It is not illegal for a Canadian citizen to believe in Communism. It is not even illegal for him to spread propaganda seeking to establish the communistic way of life in Canada, provided he does not urge a departure from constitutional principles and practices in order to achieve his end. Revolution, barricades in the streets, gutters running with blood, are not essential to the production of a Communist Government at Ottawa, nor at Quebec. Any citizen may contest a constituency as a Communist and may urge upon the voter the views that the only way to install the good life in Canada is to govern the land henceforth according to the programme laid down by Marx and Lenin.

Communism is basically a political and economic theory which has no need to be associated with blood-letting. I do not happen to like it and I do not happen to believe that it would succeed here, but those who believe in it enjoy the legal right to expound their beliefs and to try to convert me to their views, provided they do not urge me to load my fowling piece and come out on the street to shoot a bag of capitalists. Mr. Duplessis and his associates

have not pointed this out to their followers. Purposefully they confuse Communism with bloodshed and revolution, which, it seems almost futile to point out now, are just as likely to occur in the interests of almost any *ism*. A curse on all labels and their anaesthetic effect on thought!

III

Many people have remarked to me since Judge Greenshields of the Superior Court of Quebec ruled this law constitutional that here is an end of the matter, that the critics henceforth should hold their tongues. I beg to differ. If we are living under a constitution which permits and legalizes direct attacks upon the liberty of the subject, then it is high time for us to do something about the constitution. Not even a state of war can justify such a law.

We Canadians, I begin to think, have become a spineless people, addicted to fears of all sorts of bogey men and the greatest of these has been this word Communism. Afraid, we pull the blankets over our heads and shiver in the dark, too scared even to turn on the light and find out whether the noises we hear are caused by a prowling marauder, or simply by a board creaking of its own volition. Terrified of our unidentified bogey, we hold that any action taken by our governors to protect us from harm is good, no matter what shackles it may put about us.

Judge Greenshields' view that any Canadian pro-

vince has the right to declare any act of human conduct illegal is something for you and me to think about. If that is so, then every one of us is at the mercy of any docile legislative majority which, no matter what federal statute may have to say on the subject, can put down its ban on any activity we presently enjoy. As the learned judge sees it nothing could stop the legislature illegalizing attendance at the services of the United Church. Conversely, the communicants of that church are now attending its services solely by Mr. Duplessis' willingness to tolerate their religious foibles.

If we pursue the Greenshields viewpoint to its logical conclusion, the Dominion of Canada has ceased to exist and the federal authority continues to function only by virtue of toleration on the part of our balkanized provinces. Laws enacted at Ottawa have no effect, for the simple reason that any Provincial Legislature may enact other and contrary laws which immediately take precedence over those passed by the Dominion Parliament. I cannot go along with such reasoning. Can any of us, at a time like this? What is more, I do not believe it will hold water. But if we allow for a moment that it does, then it would seem to be time to do something about it. The mere fact that it may be constitutional does not change a bad law into a good law.

What Canada seems to need, then, is an amending of the British North America Act to incorporate in

our national charter a declaration of man's rights. Strangely, most of us have always thought that such rights as freedom of speech, freedom of worship, freedom of conscience, existed. But it seems not. Certain liberties are still tolerated, it may be. But the citizen is the bond slave of the State, incorporated in the separate persons of nine Attorneys-General. That is coming perilously close to the authoritarian point of view.

It is not easy to write reasonably on such a subject. My own tendency, at least, is to explode, because the whole abysmal business nauseates me. What is more, it becomes increasingly difficult to support even a shred of patience with a public become so docile and impotent that it cares not a snap of its puny fingers what rights may disappear, so long as the movies and the caterwaulers of the air waves remain. If we were menfolks hereabouts and not jellyfish, the Province of Quebec would have been in the throes of a constitutional uprising long before this and our political masters would have been plainly told to stop tampering with rights which come down to us from Runnymede.

I wonder if Magna Charta is constitutional?

IV

In my travels beyond Quebec, particularly in Ontario, and through a reasonably comprehensive reading of the extra-mural press, the opinion has been gathered that the rest of Canada believes that the

English-speaking minority in Quebec is profoundly opposed to this law and the *ogpu* which enforces it. Nothing could be more remote from truth. A majority of the English-Canadians in Quebec either accept it as an excellent piece of legislation which is "keeping the Communists down", or tolerate it because it has not affected them as individuals so far. The view-point is one which needs to be set down, if only to keep the record straight.

In order to understand this attitude it is necessary to comprehend the English Quebecker's mind, an instrument which does not operate in quite the same channel as does that of his Ontario brother. The English-speaking Quebecker, in the first place, is the most conservative-thinking of all Anglo-Canadians. He believes firmly in the rightness of things-as-they-are and has been weaned on a press which hammers home the same idea every time the feeding-bottle appears on the news stands. If he has a religion it sums up in the word "business", no matter whether business involves attending an office from nine to five, selling goods or securities, or running a farm. Having done extremely well, in the group sense, by getting pretty much of a stranglehold on the business of the province, while his colleagues of the other race have been playing with its politics, he leans to the view that he'll stick to business and let Jean Baptiste make the laws and have the fun and excitement of enforcing them. So long as the Padlock Law is not invoked

against himself the individual, therefore, he remains content to let it ride. To people like myself, who cannot abide the idea of surrendering so much as a jot of our hard-won liberty, he remarks that you might as well let the other fellows run the show, so long as they don't interfere with business and adds that obviously a service is being done all good citizens by "keeping the Communists down". Only the other day a banker said to me: "We're too law-abiding to care". In fine, he isn't interested. He reaches the same conclusion as his French-Canadian cousin about the value of the law and his own immunity from its tentacles, but their reasons are not identical. The French-Canadian, with his belief in the supremacy of Church and State, is proud of his good citizen's vaccination marks, which immunize him from padlocks. The English-Canadian realizes that the "good citizen" is not likely to be molested just yet, so is quite content, so long as nobody interferes with the great god Business. I find the French-Canadian view preferable.

The fulminations of Mr. Calder and his Civil Liberties Union, and all such-like manifestations, the average English-Quebecker has regarded purely and simply as antics, or as attempts to crash the limelight and he will usually add that anybody with a grain of sense can see that all these defenders of the faith come pretty close to being Communists themselves. Scarcely a week passes during which two or three

home-loving business men do not venture the remark in my hearing that Bob Calder is touched in the head, that a lawyer of his admitted abilities ought to be ensconced in a suite of plush-lined offices in the town's newest skyscraper, tucking at least a hundred thousand dollars a year away against the encroachments of age. Instead, they say, there he goes with his lance to tilt at another windmill. What can you do with the sort of fellow, this business-*uber-alles* citizen, who can't kiss a pretty girl without wondering how much money she has, or what she is likely to cost him?

Yet he is a good citizen, this English-Quebecker, and, deep down inside him, a democrat. He believes profoundly in freedom, but it is his own personal freedom on which he reflects and, like most so-called democrats, he will entertain no interest in fighting for freedom until his own individual liberty is threatened. Why should a man fight for an abstruse theory when he can be fighting for more business? That has been his summation of the matter. He rejoices that he is no politician and the Padlock Law, he points out, is entirely a political matter, in which point of view he is grievously in error, as I fear he will learn some day, perhaps when it is too late. That is his peace-time point of view. It may change sharply now, of course, but I am inclined to think he may become intolerant of the views of all those who do not share his beliefs. That is always the war-time danger.

If you have ever examined the record, you may have noted that when the Padlock Law came before the Provincial Legislature it was passed without a dissenting vote. In other words, the Opposition approved it and so did the handful of English-speaking members on the Government side. Some time later, when the Liberals assembled at Quebec to confirm Mr. Godbout in the leadership of their party, rumours were heard of an attempt on the part of a few English-speaking delegates to send down to the main convention a resolution calling for the rescindment of the act as a plank in the present Opposition's platform. Nothing came of it. Instead the convention affirmed its liking for various forms of freedom in one of those charmingly phrased and entirely roundabout statements beloved of all resolutions committees. If the truth were known, most of the English-speaking residents of Quebec who dabble in public affairs wouldn't attempt to tip the Padlock Law over with the proverbial ten-foot pole, for the excellent reason that they estimate it to be charged with political dynamite and likely to explode into the teeth of anyone who touches it.

Abrogation, therefore, will not be attempted by the minority acting in unison. Sooner or later, I imagine, Calder and his earnest friends of the Civil Liberties Union will succeed in bringing it to the notice of the Supreme Court of Canada and, in the event of failure before that august tribunal, to the Privy Council in

London. If they fail in their appeals and the law is adjudged constitutional (which, to me, is an almost inconceivable outcome), then the only hope is that defeat will come from within the ranks of the race whose political leaders instigated this attack upon the rights of the freeman. The Government at Ottawa, which has shown no lack of enthusiasm in disallowing the enactments of the Great White Father, Alberta's Aberhart, has shied from so much as an examination of Mr. Duplessis' bill, which ought to be a clear enough indication of what Mr. King thinks the French-Canadians think, for certainly this attitude is not on all fours with the Prime Minister's personal estimate of democratic procedure. Remember the Constitutional Crisis, which won the 1926 General Election for the Liberal party? Do you think the Statute of Westminster and numerous other extensions of Dominion self-government secured since the first World War were sponsored or supported by a man who believes in barring the entry to a man's home because of that man's belief in political theories other than the Die-Hard?

The hope that the law will be rescinded as a result of French-Canadian agitation is, at best, faint. True, the French-speaking candidate for the Legislature in a recent by-election in one of the Montreal ridings made rescindment a plank in his platform. But Raoul Trepanier, the candidate in point, is a Labour leader, an internationally-minded citizen whose views cannot

be accepted as likely to parallel those of the Brodeurs of Ste. Anne de la Perade, or the Cousineau family of Ste. Anne de la Pocatiere. Remember the inherent respect of Jean Baptiste for the State. Remember that just now his feeling for his own particular state, Quebec, runs stronger than at any time in the past two decades. True, there have been occasions when French Canada has revolted against the State's enactments, as witness the attitude to Borden, Meighen and conscription in 1917 and 1918. But that was the federal State, not his own private bailiwick. True, there has been a vague uneasiness. In Montreal's last civic elections several French-speaking candidates for aldermanic honours, two or three of whom were successful at the polls, came out openly against this law. There has been agitation amongst various lay groups in the cities, not all of them communistic-ally inclined by any means, but I am inclined to regard these solely as exceptions which prove the popularity of the measure with the race as a whole. Deep down in the French country the people think this is a splendid law which saves them the trouble of peering under the bed for bogey men.

Meanwhile those residents of other parts of the Dominion who have envisaged an English-speaking minority as being up in arms against the padlock as an infringement of the liberty of the subject should change their estimate of the matter. The English electorate, excepting a highly vocal minority, simply

doesn't care a snap of its fingers. Political *laissez faire* has always been the motto of the English in Quebec—and, anyway, there's always business to be chased, caught and pinned down in a corner. What's freedom by comparison?

V

Before criticizing too harshly the low estate of man's freedom in the land of *soupe aux pois*, the citizen of true blue Ontario and points west would be well advised to examine the state of health of his own democratic instincts, however, for all that has happened along the St. Lawrence littoral is that a government has translated into action a condition of intolerance which elsewhere still depends largely on noise for its sustenance.

Canadians, as a general rule, are an intolerant people. The West clings to the view that the East is inhabited almost entirely by ogres. The industrialists and their minions east of the Head of the Lakes, plus their politicians and their press, like to think of themselves as milch cows for the wheat miners on the prairies. The anglophobes of the central region extract life's greatest enjoyment from pouring verbal vitriol on their French-speaking cousins to the east. Many of the French in Quebec aren't much better. The Protestant Orangemen detest the adherents of the other principal Christian religion with a fervour almost indescribable which is certainly not in keeping

with the attitude maintained by the William they have elevated to a saint's role, who seems to have been a pretty good friend to the Catholics and certainly suffered no phobia about *la langue française*, because he made most of his speeches in it. Let a Canadian so much as put one foot on the hub of a wheel of the water-wagon and he is likely to be looking for ways and means to cast all his former boon companions into the common gaol. Let him be imperially minded and he would like to see all believers in the continental unity of North America burned at the stake. Let him lose a few dollars in a speculation which a few minutes of serious examination would have revealed as pure wildcat and he wants laws passed to put an end to speculation of any kind, even at the cost of halting the development of the country's resources. He is, in fine, an adherent of the outworn theory of It-shouldn't-be-allowed and There-ought-to-be-a-law.

The attitude is all well and good, so long as the individual restricts mental biliousness to his own interior economy, but when it is translated into terms of a group malady which finds its natural outlet in the form of political pressure every democratic instinct goes by the board. As and when the Government, or Government agencies, yield to the bearing-down, the outcome is the disappearance of government by the people and replacement of that valued institution by government by organized pressure.

What surprises the writer has been the resistance to such pressures shown by our governors, for in all conscience our elected representatives are beset by a hundred and one lobbying factions, from tariff hunters to vocal minorities whose deep concern is to force their estimate of good morals on the rest of us. Give the pressure groups their heads and the almost immediate outcome would be a new form of corporate state ruled by as remarkable an evangelical hodge-podge as ever carried the spear in the chorus of the human comedy. No finer declaration was ever made in Canada than that of Mr. Mackenzie King when he ordered his own supporters to keep away from his office if they were seeking war-time jobs for their friends.

A case in point, illustrative of the bearing down of benign influences designed to alter the course of life without consulting the affected citizen, was the recent attack upon the brewers of Quebec's ales through the channels of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. For many years these gentlemen had been permitted the use of the air waves to advertise their legitimate wares and had become the province's principal purveyors of broadcasts of sports events and news. Suddenly Mr. Brockington of the C.B.C. sent out a new ukase to the effect that on a given date the practice of plugging beer from the air must cease. The brewers arose in indignant alarm. A ten-day teapot tempest ensued at the end of which Brockington compromised

by permitting the breweries to continue to spend their advertising monies for radio time, provided the sponsors' remarks should be restricted to the bald announcement that the play-by-play broadcast had been presented with the compliments of So-and-So.

Meanwhile Donnybrook ensued. Those of us who came to the verbal defence of the beer barons based our claims on what still appeal to the writer as logical factors. In the first place we maintained that inasmuch as to brew, advertise and sell beer in the Province of Quebec is an entirely legitimate enterprise, so long as it so remains the brewer is entitled to pursue his commerce on the same terms as those granted, say, to a manufacturer of shoes; that if beer is undermining the country's morals, what needs be stopped is brewing, not advertising. In the second place, it was pointed out that the function of the C.B.C. is not to change the terms under which broadcasting may be conducted, but to administer and, so far as possible, improve the quality of what comes to the believers' ears; that any basic change in the terms of broadcasting is a function of the Parliament, not the Corporation. For his pains the writer, who doesn't like the stuff, was publicly denounced from one pulpit, at least, as a citizen lacking in a sense of good morals and as a companion of froth blowers (a charge which on occasion might hold but which, I have every reason to believe, does not deteriorate one's legal status as a citizen). Examination of the *modus operandi* of the

"antis" revealed remarkable new wrinkles in the realm of agitation. For one, school children were being given ballot forms, *à la* revered but defunct Leadership League, protesting against the mention of beer on the air, and were instructed to bring them back signed in the morning, under peril of detention and whatever other horrors it is the privilege of teachers to wreak on the young.

Here, surely, is a pretty kettle of fish. It provides, in point of fact, a focal point for the entire present contention, which is that our country abounds in people who will go to any length to propagate the causes they espouse, without regard to the basic rights of the citizen who does not believe as they do. Strangely, most of these excellent ladies and gentlemen regard themselves as working democrats. Nevertheless, they would cheerfully lodge the nonconformist in the concentration camp in the winking of an eye, if they could get away with their schemes by putting down pressure on the Government, in the form of threats to oust it from office via the ballot box unless . . .

All sorts of parallel manifestations might be quoted. Manufacturers, for one example, have posted signs in their factories at election time to notify their employees that in the event of the party which the bosses oppose being returned to power the place will be closed and the help thrown on the dole. At the other end of the pendulum's swing unemployed men have

moved in on public buildings and established themselves as squatters, to the inconvenience of those whose business takes them into the lobbies. What seems to be constantly lost in the shuffle is the matter of rights which belong to the citizens of Canada as a whole and the fact that not one of those rights should be changed by so much as one jot without reference to the people, through action on the part of their elected representatives.

Freedom in Canada was suffering the wear and tear of erosion long before we went to war to save it again. Somebody is constantly rubbing away another small slice of man's liberty. Somebody else is for ever bringing pressure to bear upon Parliament and the legislatures and the threat is usually "do this, or else . . .". Bigotry is rampant in the land and the average bigot, whether his trouble is religion, wheat, finance or corn plasters, knows no extreme to which he will not reach to achieve his fantastic ends. What surprises the writer is not the state of governmental collapse alleged to have been on view in Canada, but the resistance which Government has, in the main, shown to the juggernaut tactics of the pressure groups.

Quebec's Padlock Law, our shining example of intolerance, is a horror in the eyes of any citizen who believes in the common decencies of freedom. Nevertheless it must be remembered that many of the critics of this enactment are themselves people who would cheerfully place curbs on the activities of the rest of

us in numerous other directions. Some of them, in fact, are now so doing. The point which appears to have been lost sight of somewhere along our road to nationhood is that the terms of freedom can only be altered with the consent of the freeman, a statement which adds another *non sequitur* to the list with which our way of life must always abound. It may be argued, of course, that this is what happened in Quebec, but such argument can only be based on the new theory of Confederation advanced by Mr. Duplessis and his friends, which is that the province comes before the Dominion, a point of view in which Mr. Justice Greenshields apparently concurs, but which remains unsatisfactory to any man who likes to think of himself as a Canadian.

If such black arts are constitutional, then it is high time we changed our constitution *by constitutional means* which, to my way of thinking, do not include the use of the or-else methods of the pressure groups. Our first need would seem to be a Bill of Rights which will clearly define the privileges of citizenship, no matter where that citizenship is practised between these two oceans.

CHAPTER THREE

JACK CANUCK AND UNCLE SAM

TIME was when every young English-speaking Canadian of Loyalist, near-Loyalist, or would-be Loyalist stock was taught to fear God, honour the King and never give a Yankee the benefit of the doubt. Scareheads and editorials on the dangers of annexation by the United States seemed to be permanent features of our Canadian press. From public platforms, at banquets and in newspaper interviews Canada's statesmen and big business men viewed with dismay the increasing inroads of American capital into Canadian business and urged us to call a halt before peaceful penetration should lead to political absorption. Even during the Coolidge and Hoover eras anti-American feeling often rose to the boiling point in the Dominion, largely as the result of high-tariff legislation and of the high-handed way in which American prohibition officers pursued rum-runners into Canadian territory and otherwise outraged Canadian opinion. Nevertheless a distinct trend towards closer association between the two peoples has been discernible for more than a decade, a trend which is clearer today than ever before.

Almost thirty years ago the Liberal administration headed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier announced the successful negotiation of a reciprocal trade treaty with the United States. At first reading this treaty seemed designed to sweep its negotiators back into office for another term, because of the benefits sure to accrue to a people possessed of huge exportable surpluses of raw materials. But pro-British sentiment and fear of the Yankee Bogey were too strong. Quickly Laurier's opponents unfurled their supplies of bunting, draped the hustings with the Union Jack, thundered "We'll never let the Old Flag fall!" and "No Truck or Trade with the Yankees!" and swept the Conservatives into power in a campaign which consigned the Taft-Fielding Treaty to the wastebasket. That was in 1911.

In 1935 another Liberal administration came into office in Ottawa, led by William Lyon Mackenzie King, a gentleman who had lost many a patriot's vote in the past because of his alleged American sympathies. As soon as his Cabinet had been sworn in, Mr. King journeyed to Washington where he was an overnight White House guest and sat in daily conference with Secretary Hull at the State Department. On the Prime Minister's departure from Washington the announcement was made that a reciprocal trade treaty (primary negotiation of which had been opened by Mr. King's Conservative predecessor, Mr. Bennett, an ardent anti-Reciprocity spokesman in 1911) had been concluded which would provide easier access to

the Canadian market for goods of American manufacture and similar entry into the United States for the products of Canada's natural resources. How times change! The treaty was acclaimed in Canada as a masterstroke of negotiation, sure to be of incalculable benefit in solving the problems of recovery. Here and there protests were heard, but they were merely the individual protests of manufacturers whose preferred positions in the Canadian domestic market were likely to be affected by any decline in tariff protection. Not one voice between the two oceans raised the annexation or absorption cry. Not one patriot rattled the bones of the Yankee Bogey. Such criticism as was heard was pocketbook criticism having nothing to do with sentiment or loyalties. At least until the day when the Neutrality Act became applicable to Canada, or perhaps the one when Canadian exchange plummeted, Prime Minister King's trade treaty with the United States had been generally accepted by Liberal and Tory, by manufacturer and farmer, by foe and by friend, as his Government's principal stroke of business-building legislation. Those who complained apparently did so because a few must be hurt in any legislation which benefits the many. Even they had forgotten the old Truck-or-Trade cry. Obviously, then, Canadians no longer look on closer association with the United States as a menace to the Dominion's future. Such has been the transformation of Canadian public opinion from 1911 to 1939.

Canadians have not entertained for many years any desire for complete, or even partial, political union with the United States. The time for that has passed, for this half century at least, unless the country is balkanized and goes over piecemeal. It may never recur as a movement, nor as a fear. Nor can it be denied that recent lean years have had much to do with the changed point of view of the Canadian citizen. Before the treaty negotiations he had just witnessed the complete breakdown of the policy of economic nationalism at home. What is more, he had discovered that anti-American sentiment cannot be transformed into soup. Obviously any realistic economic policy must bring Canadians closer to neighbours with whom they share so many common interests, aspirations and folkways. It may still be possible to rekindle the imperialist fire before its embers grow stone cold, or Canada may be alienated again by the receipt of some thoughtless, or imagined, slight at the hands of Washington (a practice to which our neighbours have been addicted in the past). Nevertheless the trend towards better mutual understanding is definite. The war may disturb this concord of mind in the immediate future, but only temporarily. Let the United States maintain a constructive and co-operative interest in the future of the Dominion and a closely knit North American union is almost sure to emerge.

II

Although there may not have been in the Dominion such unanimous support for a policy of continental isolation as there has been in the Republic, nevertheless a great body of Canadian opinion has been opposed to all extra-continental contracts which might entail military responsibility, so much so that for many moons the battle waged with ferocity about the academic pillbox: Is Canada at war when Britain is at war? So strong had this isolationist feeling become, in fact, that in the 1935 General Election each major political leader promised the abstention of his party from all warlike activity until such time as Parliament should concur. When the final crisis came the Canadian Government made no move beyond that of calling out troops for home defence until the Parliament had been summoned and had concurred. Long before the second World War in the comparative youth of many of us began, a great number of Canadians had come to regard Europe as a smouldering charnel house in which they had no desire to be burned again, who still believe that the first World War was fought in vain and who were determined not to become embroiled again in any "war to end war" or to "make the world safe for democracy" without a definition of the terms of the next war and the peace to follow it being stated with a crystal clarity which would leave no doubt as to the true objective. That we have cast

in our lot with Britain does not imply that we have become Europe-minded again, but only that the determination to destroy Hitlerism is upon us and that this time our civilization must be made safe for free-men for all time. Like other North Americans, Canadians tend to be an idealistic people, of which matters more anon . .

For a considerable number of years, then, the battle between the warlike and the unwarlike has flourished in Canada like the bay tree. Time and again the boys of the Old Brigade have ranted in their editorial columns and at banquets of the patriotic well-fed about the need for Canada to pledge the last man, the last corpuscule and the last depressed dollar to the Mother Country. But the tirade brought little in the way of heartfelt response from the Canadian people. For months on end, immediately prior to the Royal Visit, the public from Halifax to Vancouver was treated to a series of verbal machine-gun blasts from the Dominion's imperially anointed, demanding a clear and immediate statement of our willingness to perish again amongst the poppies and to conscript all our potential corpses at the first sniff of dead meat. But the response was not forthcoming. In a carefully phrased statement to the House the Prime Minister long ago refused to be drawn into pledges likely to involve the shipment abroad of Canadian troops. No opposition group in the House took advantage of the occasion to berate the Premier for what,

twenty years ago, would have been called the shilly-shallying of a pacifist. In fine, no political party in Canada was prepared to make what may properly be called a policy of Supreme-Sacrifice-No-Matter-The-Terms its platform. The reason for that was the unwillingness of a great number of the Canadian people (I am inclined to think a majority) to die again on the same basis as that which governed the last Great Adventure. The cynicism which permitted the Ethiopian conquest, the Austrian *anschluss*, the rape of Manchuria, the dismemberment and final destruction of Czechoslovakia, and which tacitly seemed to condone the work of the wrecking crew in Spain, has left its mark on the Canadian people. As each of these catastrophes happened (and some of them appeared to be encouraged to happen) the surge of anger in Canada reached new highs. Young Canada was actually as ready to "fight for democracy" as its father had been. Quite a number went to help Spain's Loyalists. But each time Britain drew back from any statement of her belief in common, elementary justice, the question mark concerning the purity of her Government's motives had grown larger. There was, in the beginning, a deep-seated belief in the principles for which the League was alleged to stand and for the ideal of the strong and just policing the world for peace. That belief, in many minds, was extended to England, in the belief that England and France, having sent out the flower of a generation to die,

twenty-five years ago, would not permit the cause for which they were alleged to have died to have been defended in vain. As each crisis arose, Canada abounded in men who were ready to defend their beliefs again, even by rushing overseas to the support of attacked peoples, if necessary. That feeling seemed to decline, inch by inch, as the crises passed and the feeling began to grow that neither the Government of France nor that of England, was in the least concerned with freedom as an abstraction. From Munich on a definite swing towards the maintenance of our own national entity and the defence of our own continent could be discerned.

The critic, of course, will raise the question of the Royal Visit and the triumphal march through the Dominion of its King and Queen. No doubt that tour did much to cement old ties again. But I seriously doubt the view that the outcome was one which tended to re-establish Canadians on the imperial footing. The British connection may have remained pleasing to the average Canadian, but he has added a rider to the contract in his own mind. In future he would like to know the terms of his responsibilities in advance and to make self-determination a policy as well as a hyphenated word. Then came the conflagration and what may be termed Canadian liberal opinion changed overnight, although it has not gone into the war with the same desires as those of the imperial-minded in the Dominion.

Such an attitude, bringing the average Canadian into cordial sympathy with his American neighbour, is the antithesis of that of 1914-18, when Canadians were harshly critical of the United States for being slow to join the Allied cause, and that of the post-Armistice days when the We-won-it speeches and writings of the juveniles of American thought outraged our pride. Now a great body of Canadian opinion inclines to the view that we were victimized by clever propaganda (not entirely of British origin) then and that we are being subjected to the same propaganda again today, but that what we are about to do now transcends all national sales arguments—this is freedom that is at stake!

Unfortunately, Canada's commitments abroad were always completely at variance with the growing desire to live our own life on our own continent. The responsibilities of League membership, of course, long since disappeared. But the ethical commitment to Britain (to the *people* of Britain, as, if and when they find themselves in difficulties) presents a greater problem than League membership ever did. It cannot be denied that throughout its existence as colony and dominion Canada has accepted virtually all its defence services from Britain without cost. Our present status was attained without interference (including that of Uncle Sam) because we have been recognized as Britain's protégés. No matter what abstruse points we may raise to assert our freedom of action and our

right to dissent, the definitely implied *quid pro quo* remains; as and when Britain calls for help she does expect Canada to respond. To fit such a commitment into the isolation pattern is not easy. I confess I am not enamoured of the responsibility as it may always apply to the acts of the government in London. The Imperialists may say what they like, but the fact remains that we had veered sharply away from our sense of responsibility to this commitment, finding it so irksome that it had become the topic of constant acrid debate in Canada.

When Britain found herself in difficulties again, our attitude changed overnight. Actually we rushed into another maelstrom on a tidal wave of patriotic emotion without taking time to state our requirements in terms of what the effects are to be. No doubt pro-British zeal has flamed again amongst the older English-speaking people, who, you may have noted, did most of the marching and counter-marching when the King and Queen were here. But I am not too sure that is what the younger generation and many of the middle-aged did. Reminded of the British tie, until recently regarded as sacred, they have been apt to reply that as they did not forge it they must not be expected to regard it as binding on them. The feeling was abroad that Britain had "let democracy down". Now that the scene has changed and we are actively engaged, with Uncle Sam ranged on the sidelines, the former viewpoint has changed sharply,

too. We are out to fight Hitler with Britain and some of us shall be critical of our neighbours, I have no doubt, if they remain on the sidelines. Even a Liberal, even a cynic, undergoes a considerable emotional storm at such a time as this. But even the hysterias of the war-mentality cannot keep Canada and the United States apart for long. We have too much in common.

III

Culturally the English-speaking majority in Canada has been drawing closer and closer to the United States for some time past. The speed with which this change has taken place has been in direct ratio to increasing speed of communication.

Consider a day in the life of the average Canadian family. Throughout his working hours the man of the house conducts his business according to rules and methods devised in the United States, whether his job is to grow potatoes or to sell shoes. The commercial practices of the British Isles he has come to regard as slow-poke and out of date. During his absence from home his wife arranges her domestic and social activities according to formulæ laid down by American "experts" who speak to her through newspapers, magazines and over the air. The day's work done, Canada's leisure is given almost entirely into the keeping of Uncle Sam. A majority of our principal radio stations are affiliated with N.B.C. or

Columbia, with the result that we hear a great many American broadcasts and prefer these to the domestic product, most of which is still second-rate. The Canadian Government's own broadcasting outlet, which tends to establish a radio monopoly in Canada, itself farms its time to the United States chains, for lack of funds and channels to compete with the overpowering floodtide of American-sponsored material. When the President takes to the air we listen almost as avidly in Belleville, Ontario, and Sherbrooke, Quebec, as do his own constituents in Troy, New York, and Bangor, Maine, because he speaks to us in our own language and discusses problems with which we are acutely familiar. Similar broadcasts from London (other than crises or war broadcasts) interest us principally as novelties in long-distance communication, which we are likely to criticize on the grounds of poor reception and to compare unfavourably with the antics of Charlie McCarthy and the revered Jack Benny. Our daily newspapers are designed on American lines and draw almost all their world news through American sources. We read American magazines. Our own closely resemble the product from below the boundary in contents and format. English periodicals we regard as stodgy, because their make-up is unfamiliar to the North American eye. We take our motion picture diet straight and for years thought nothing of hearing the news-reel announcer extolling

United States soldiers as "our" troops, or Mr. Roosevelt as "our" President.

Canadian hotels are exact replicas of American. Canadian universities closely resemble American. Their undergraduates emulate the American attitude in sports and look eagerly for bids from their local chapters of the American Greek-letter fraternities. A Canadian might compare McGill to Harvard, but never to Oxford. The citizen of the Dominion drives an automobile which exactly duplicates that of his American cousin in everything but price. The Canadian business man is almost as enthusiastic a joiner as is his neighbour and looks with high favour on the "rah-rah" clubs of American origin. His wife attaches herself to the women's guilds with as much gusto as the woman of similar social rank joins women's clubs in the United States. With few exceptions she has little idea how English women spend their lives and cares less. Canadian men may prefer clothes made from English materials, but their tailors follow the sartorial dictates of Boston and Oskosh, not Bond Street or Savile Row. Canadian women accept un-animously the fashion decrees of New York and consider English women dowdy. Our hospitals reproduce those south of the border. Our farmers till their acres with tools made by Canadian subsidiaries of American implement firms. Our druggists (what Canadian ever heard of a "chemist's shop"?) cure our ills with

American patent medicines. Although our law courts are still conducted on the English plan, the attorneys who practise in them would be happier in the Criminal Courts Building in Center Street, New York, than in London's Old Bailey. The dignity of an English "silk" would be out of place in a Toronto courtroom, whereas a New York lawyer of the less raucous type would be entirely at his ease once he had mastered the peculiarities of Canadian procedure. Our slang is Yankee, not English; so is our wit. Externally, at least, our Americanization is a *fait accompli*.

In no section of the Dominion is this more obvious than in the area which once prided itself (and still does so on patriotic occasions) on its adherence to the Never-Let-The-Old-Flag-Fall imperialistic dogma, the sovereign province of Ontario. Toronto (may Heaven spare me from the wrath of my friends!) is almost indistinguishable from Rochester, New York. The language of its streets, its cafeterias, its hotels, its office buildings, its shops and its parties is the language spoken in Syracuse. Its municipal politicians could move in a body to adjacent Buffalo and carry on with scarcely a change in modes or manners. Those who guide the destinies of the province from Queen's Park are men such as may be met in the lobby of the Ten Eyck Hotel in Albany when the State Legislature is in session.

Such Imperialism as had been on view in Canada for the years just passed was found amongst senior

members of the population, including, to some extent, the veterans of the World War and the officer class of the Dominion's civilian militia. When last-drop-of-blood patriotism was expounded by the elderly it was the custom of many of their sons and daughters to listen tolerantly and chuckle inwardly, for obviously the dear old fogies did not know whereof they spoke, belonging as they do to another day and age. When grandmother was a girl she was not buried beneath an avalanche of American magazines and American-made news. The radio and the movies had not been conceived. There was no constant exchange of views between ordinary citizens of the two countries, because the facilities for intermingling did not exist. Our streets were not populated by American tourists, nor were Canadians in the habit of going south for holidays in Florida or California. Once the lines of communication were opened wide, the Americanization of Canada could not be withstood. We offered our English-speaking young people no alternative cultural plan. Even had we done so it would have been useless effort, because of our inability to compete with outlets designed to serve one hundred and twenty millions of people with those operating in a domestic market which consists of a paltry eleven. Canadians have accepted American standards because they were and are the only standards offered. Today only our septuagenarians feel that Albion is their spiritual home. The rest of

us are American in everything but nationality. The cultural doctrines of the United States, long known as "American", have become North American, in fact as well as in name. In fine, it is a North American people who are now at war with Germany, not an English colony. We may have gone in to some extent because of what may be called our British obligation, but the principal motive power is a desire to destroy Hitlerism and produce a lasting freeman's peace.

IV

By only one section of the Canadian populace—the residents of French-speaking Canada—has Americanization been resisted or, to state it more accurately, American influence ignored. The French-Canadian prefers to remain as he is, for very good reasons of his own.

The genius of the American nation has been to absorb into a common melting pot all people who come to its shores, whereas the practice of the British has been to grant to absorbed, or conquered, races the right to keep their own institutions, customs and language, the primary object of the British empire-maker having been trade, always more workable with unsubjected people than with bond slaves. To this variation in practices the French-Canadian is keenly alive, if only because he has seen what has happened in his own time to the thousands of his relations who have ventured across the border, where they rapidly lose

identity as sons of French Quebec, even to the point of pronouncing such a name as Carpentier as though it were Carpenter. French culture along the St. Lawrence will not be permitted to follow the course of French culture along the Mississippi, so long as French-Canadians can prevent it—and at this writing they are making use of considerably more than the proverbial ounce of prevention.

I do not suggest that the French-Canadian is an Imperialist. He is anything but that. The mere suggestion of participation in overseas wars is anathema to many of him, as to the Dutch in Africa. He is not so much pro-British as he is staunchly *Canadien*; and if he prefers the British tie to any other it is because he believes that so long as he remains within the Empire he may continue to lead his normal life without fear of interference. Actually he might easily become more amenable to direct war-propaganda from Britain than to that of his English-speaking brothers outside Quebec, for they have never been over-tolerant of his customs, nor of his insistence upon the right to live his own life. Because of this feeling French Canada has fought tooth and nail against the proposal that the Dominion should apply for the right to amend its own charter, the British North America Act—a request which Britain could not refuse in the event of unanimous application from all the provinces.

French-Canadians resist Americanization as they

resist any movement which might constitute a present or future threat to their racial autonomy. They would resist Anglicization every bit as staunchly, but do not fear it as deeply, because it has never been imminent. Britain has never attempted to coerce French Canada into war, whereas English Canada has. Bringing up his children to speak the mother tongue, teaching them to respect the ancient folkways, educating them in French-language schools, the citizen of rural French Quebec has been completely unaffected by American advertising, American go-getters, American ballyhoo, or by any of the growths which stem from American culture, fungoid or otherwise. It is the only method which could possibly have been successful, based as it is on language rights.

It may even be discovered as time goes on that Canada's hoped-for maintenance of the British connection will lie with the French-Canadian people. Much more prolific as a parent than his English-speaking half-brother, the *habitant* is not merely doing everything in his power to increase the population of the Lower St. Lawrence Valley, but is rapidly establishing solid French-speaking colonies in the English provinces, notably on the prairies and in the new northern settlements. In many communities he has raised the No-Truck-or-Trade-With-the-English-Canadian cry almost as loudly as the imperialistic English-Canadian of another day cried No-Truck-or-Trade-with-the-Yankees. Before long Canada may see

a day when a majority of its population will be of French descent, or discover that the balance of power required to maintain the Canadian *status quo* is vested in the French. If that happens we are likely to see a halt called to the movement towards increased American influence in Canada. For the present the French-Canadian stands as our solitary bulwark against the inroads of American *kultur*. All of which may not seem to have much bearing on the question of North American relations when Canada is at war, but which nevertheless is very closely related to what those contacts are and are to be in war or in peace.

V

It has not been the intention of these paragraphs to imply that Canada has been on the point of throwing in her lot with the United States, at any time in this century, even in 1911, because such is not the case. Apparently the destination is a junction of sympathies, not a terminus in which all our lines amalgamate. Plausible reasons for amalgamation, of course, are exceedingly easy to discover. As a border-dweller myself, I can justifiably say that the international boundary is completely false as a dividing line, because at almost every point on its route it cuts across land occupied by people of similar tastes, problems and aspirations, whereas our own internal pattern is a hodge-podge of conflicting aims, beliefs and

jealousies. British Columbia is cut off from the rest of the Dominion by an almost impregnable mountain barrier, through which two ribbons of transcontinental steel thread down to the settlements on tidewater. Its residents normally look to Seattle and San Francisco with much more friendly eye than that with which they look across the continent to Toronto. The prairie wheat farmer has much more in common with his neighbour in Minnesota or the Dakotas than with the agrarian population of Ontario or Nova Scotia. Ontario sees the world more through the eyes of upstate New York than through those of French Quebec. Secession talk has featured the politics of our beleaguered Maritime Provinces since the last War, and the principal ambition of the sons and daughters of the seaboard seems to be to establish themselves in New England or New York. Only French Canada remains inviolate. On the face of the evidence, therefore, the tendency ought to be to amalgamate. But such evidence fails to take into consideration the aims of Canadians in their respective sections of the Dominion. Not even Canadian adoption of a policy of continental isolation could lead Canada into Annexation, and when the bogey was raised from the dead it did not seem to worry any but our few continuing Imperialists. The point raised does not sound feasible and the discussion has every appearance of being special pleading in behalf of those who look with favourable eye on the business of dying in ditches in

foreign lands, *sans peur*, *sans reproche* and *sans* argument. The movement in North America has been definitely towards co-operative union of these neighbour countries, but not towards a joining of forces in the political sense. A war in which only one participates may slacken that movement "for the duration", but it will return, probably with greater force than ever.

VI

Canadians, for reasons which will be obvious to themselves and, no doubt, to the United States reader, find themselves in a quandary at such a time as this in regard to what may be termed their personal relationships with their neighbours. I am not thinking now of the Canadian whose thoughts follow elementary channels of acceptance of whatever flood may be running, without even pausing to wonder how he happens to be swimming in the river. I am thinking, rather, of two other classes of people in Canada, first those whose entire picture of recent events in Europe has come to them through United States sources without the necessity of being practising liberals (the sort of people who read such books as *Inside Europe* with avidity) plus the Canadian liberal (whose name is legion) who has found all his values suddenly scrambled by the impact of war but who, in short order, faced the prospect that, no matter his views, he *must* lend his support in this crisis in the world's affairs. Canada abounds in such men and women, the very

men and women who, as recently as the middle of August, 1939, were debating earnestly the benisons of isolation, intoning their fears, first, of another Munich and, a day or so later, of another Versailles. Such people are not looking on this war through Imperialist eyes. They are not offering their services on any never-let-the-old-flag-fall line of thinking. They go into this war (many of them as sufferers in the last adventure and as parents of those who must suffer in this) convinced that what is now at stake is our very way of life, not to defend that way of life in Europe, but to protect it here. Behind that approach is the resolute determination that once the war is won, a peace must be written which will remove such catastrophes as this is from the realm of future possibilities. In that approach we find ourselves thinking as almost every American examiner of the European scene thinks and feels—and it is by these examiners that we have been largely assisted to our conclusions. To such people it is almost inconceivable to think that we may go through this ordeal without our neighbours at our side, because our aims in life are identical, our outlook on the world almost exactly similar. If this is our war in Canada, then it is every bit as much Uncle Sam's war.

It is pointless now to be thinking about the last war. It is pointless to say that the peace we made is basically the cause of this war. That has been said in an opening chapter, for the record, because at some

future date the record is going to be important. It is pointless to say that the United States or ourselves were bamboozled at Versailles. No one can debate the point. It is more than pointless to raise the question of the war debts. There is nothing any of us can do about the years between 1919 and 1939 other than to admit that they comprise one of the most appalling periods in human history, during which the statesmanship and diplomacy practised by the western world's old men and adventurers have been completely bankrupt. It is because of that bankruptcy that we now are fighting again and that our way of living on this continent stands at the threshold of hell. What remains to us now is simply the hope of first destroying the Beast which stalks the European marches and then to write a humane peace for ourselves and all men, resolved not to permit those who wrote the Versailles Pact (or the treaty of Brest-Litovsk, which will also bear remembering), or their present counterparts, ever to be given an opportunity to write another treaty of hate.

If Canadian liberals are now ranged side by side with Canadian Imperialists in their determination to prosecute the present war to a successful conclusion, it is in part because of one other factor. We are the people in Canada who, for several years before war came again, were deeply critical of Britain's and France's apparent lack of determination to prevent the spread of Naziism. Once that determina-

tion took shape, what else could we do but give aid? Could the man who professed to be a democrat, who had damned Chamberlain and Daladier (and others before them) for their apparent cynicism towards the cause of liberty, turn about and spend the years ahead in futile criticism of these men (or, more important, refuse to assist their people) once a stand had been made? We could not. At least this one could not. All that we could do was to give our support, coupled to the determination that this time a real peace must ensue. I have no doubt it will. I believe the democratic peoples will turn on their leaders and rend them if this time any attempt is made to prepare a peace which cannot endure. But I cannot understand the opinions of Americans who, having damned Chamberlain for deserting democracy at Munich, now assert that only by America's desertion of the democratic peoples of Europe can our North American democracy be defended. Can it be that Uncle Sam is determined to see Hitler vanquished—by a couple of other fellows?

To the Canadian liberal, to the Canadian isolationist of August, 1939, it is inconceivable that his neighbours can long remain aloof from what, to us, has been crystallized in the course of a few brief weeks as a war which *must* be fought if our freedom *here in America* is to survive.

The hope of Canadians as they face this ordeal is that the United States will range themselves beside

us, that together we may give the leadership which must be given when the time comes to write the peace. This is the viewpoint of men who enter this war with the feeling that every value of living they hold dear has crashed down over their ears. It is the feeling of people who are more than neighbours of the United States, people whose spiritual home is more on the south side of the Great Lakes than it is on the marge of the Thames. The future relationship of these two peoples is not easily assessed at this time, because the great events of the immediate future are still in the cocoon.

As this writer sees it nothing can occur which can possibly separate us permanently. We have lived beside each other in a comity which ought to be the admiration of mankind everywhere, a state of friendly neighbourliness which ought to be the goal of all nations.

Come what may in this war these two peoples will come together in the days beyond it as they have never been together before, not in a way which will become a threat to the autonomy of the smaller in population, but in an association which will establish, in common aims and common beliefs, a way of life which will set still new high marks in reasonable and civilized living.

If this war does not end the apparently eternal strife of the European races; if this war does not end for all time the knaveries of secret diplomacy, the

defence of special privileges, then I, for one, can only see one solution for those of us who live in the northern half of this continent, and that is to completely cut ourselves adrift from the Old World and establish ourselves in a firm continental alliance. But that cannot be done now! A war has to be won. An enduring peace has to be gained. As people of liberal thought in Canada see the task ahead, it is the task of our neighbours to the south every bit as much as it is the task of those of us who inhabit the Dominion of Canada.

CHAPTER FOUR

NATIONAL GOVERNMENT AND THE PROTEST PARTIES

EVER since I can remember, somebody in Canada has been working himself into a wax about the state of the nation and, from this beginning, has usually proceeded to found a new political party, the announced design of which is to bring on the millennium without delay. The millennium has not arrived yet and only one of the parties has survived, or shown any sign of being an important contributing influence to our national life, this because, it seems to me, it has been the only one which ever had a platform and a policy. The others have only had their indignation, plus a dash of desire for the sweets of office and the hope of upsetting somebody else's apple cart.

Let us examine the record briefly. In 1911 the wild-eyed Mr. Bourassa, plus the erudite but cynical Armand Lavergne, appeared with their Nationalists. As I remember, they were going to make the country, and the Province of Quebec in particular, safe for something or other, but all that happened was that Borden swallowed them whole (excepting Mr. Bourassa), thereby making office safer for the Conserva-

tive party, so that the movement died a-borning, or at least before it came back from the maternity case-room. In Laurier's words the Imperial lamb had swallowed the National lion.

A few years later, half-way through the World War, a number of Liberals cut themselves adrift from Laurier in an hour of patriotic fervour which lathered them into such a heat that they became incapable of considered thinking. The result was the Union Government and the Conscription Act which failed to provide the Poor Bloody Infantry, commonly known to its members as the P.B.I., with any replacements capable of standing erect under fire unless propped up by volunteer soldiers. Conscription itself was fruitless, of which more anon. The War ended and most of the Liberal Unionists disappeared like Jonah into the jaws of the Tory whale.

Some time after this the Grits came into power again and soon the Progressives were descending on Ottawa, pledging themselves to make the world safe for the wheat miners, with the U.F.O., the U.F.A., and goodness knows what other Ufers, functioning excitedly in the provinces which lie west of the last bowl of pea soup. This time a new whale appeared and performed the obsequies, but the effect was the same. The Progressives, in the half-masticated state, appeared briefly as Liberal-Progs. One more bite and only the Liberals remained.

Time marched on. To Ottawa came a benign but

extremely irritating one-man-band named Richard Bedford Bennett, a portly and evangelical Lochinvar who gave his personal undertaking to solve unemployment in thirty days, but who merely renewed the note every time it came due and, so far as anyone has ever been able to discern, didn't even pay the interest. One or two of the good Lord Bennett's henchmen, however, took umbrage with their Chief as the days passed, so that by the time a General Election simply could not be avoided any longer another new party had been born, this one bearing the ominous titlepiece of Reconstructionist. It contested a great many seats and succeeded in electing its leader, a certain Mr. H. H. Stevens, to Parliament. Later Mr. Bennett left the country, whereupon Mr. Stevens voluntarily walked into the jaws of the Conservative whale and, at this writing, lies happily ensconced in its viscera, waiting for something to happen to put him back in charge of a spending department and permit him to die again, with great manifestations of piety, for Dear Old Alma Canada.

Out in the wild and woolly west, where men trade their chaps for economic tracts, something called Social Credit is going on, proceeding towards a destination the location of which nobody knows, but which is understood to be recognizable by the fact that somebody will be standing on the corner passing out cheques to the faithful. The group is also represented at Ottawa, where very little talk has been heard

about the impending dividend, but only about what a so-and-so the Prime Minister turned out to be, the old economic royalist! It will be back at that business before long, war or no war.

In Quebec we have with us a certain M'sieu Duplessis, one-time provincial leader of the Conservative party, who contrived to get into office by stealing the thunder, the deputies and, I suspect, the bathing trunks, of young Master Gouin who had assembled a group of malcontent Liberals and was browbeating Mr. Taschereau and his Government with them. Master Gouin sulked awhile. Then he bobbed up again and began to cut another group of Liberals loose from the main herd. Who will pilfer his present company of mavericks I haven't a notion, but I suspect somebody will before long, because Mr. Gouin (in spite of lengthy opportunity to study the tactics of an extremely practical father) doesn't quite seem to know what to do with followers.

Meanwhile in Ontario there have been what may be called certain signs on the horizon. Nobody knows, for example, whether what Mr. Hepburn is leading is a piece of the Liberal party or something he has crossed with a she-wolf, to produce a hybrid which howls noisily but doesn't bite hard when confronted by a juicy section of the federal Liberal leg. Still another recent Ontario manifestation carried the imposing title of Leadership League, which was not a league in the dictionarial sense of the word and which

encountered difficulty in leading anybody, principally because its founder, a certain Mr. McCullagh (better known perhaps for his ownership of a race-horse which won the King's Plate), failed to confide his destination to anyone, so that the suspicion got around that he didn't know it himself. Mr. McCullagh had the postal authorities worried for a few days.

Then there is Mr. Herridge. No need to explain who Mr. Herridge is, because it is doubtful if the description provided by the erudite Doctor Manion can be improved upon. But Mr. Herridge bobbed up early in 1939 with all the makings of a bright idea, which was to circulate around and take over all the new parties which might be lying fallow and weld them into one under the leadership of Herridge the Messiah, a young fellow out of Washington and trying to get along. At this writing he has succeeded in adopting the Social Crediters, possibly because they were finding themselves slightly nonplussed by the problem of what to do next, perhaps because, being pretty good dipsey-doodlebugs in their own right, they liked the sound of the Herridge platform, which touched the all-time high for saying nothing in a few million words.

Purposely I have refrained from mentioning up to this point the one new party which has come into being during my own adult years and has shown any ability to stay the course. That is the good Reverend Woodsworth's tongue twister which mankind calls

the C.C.F. without possessing the vestige of an idea what its trinity of initials mean. Mr. Woodsworth, you may recall, was lambasted from Dan to Beersheba about the time of the Winnipeg Strike, his name being whispered by young bourgeois mothers for many years thereafter as a threat with which to coerce their recalcitrant spawn into slumber. Not even in his palmiest days as a hydra-headed monster in the deep French country could Arthur Meighen run one-two with the Woodsworth of 1919, who sent violent shivers down the craven spines of Entrenched Wealth every time he drew a deep breath. Latterly, however, Mr. Woodsworth has been commonly regarded as a pretty decent sort of fellow, so much so that a great many people who believe in life insurance policies and savings accounts will tell you that if we must have Socialists it is very nice to have them quiet and properly housebroken, like this chap Woodsworth. My compatriots misjudge the gentleman. Woodsworth has founded and guided the only new party in this country which has withstood the heat and burthen of the political day without dropping in on either the Liberal or the Tory whale. Woodsworth, to my way of thinking, stands out as an intellectual hero for his willingness to divorce himself on the war issue, from the party he founded, knowing that he might be destroying in five minutes a life's career. Although I do not go along with his stand, I can only admire the man who takes it at such a time. That the man and the

party have been temporarily parted is neither here nor there. These are not politicians, but men with a purpose, and when emotions subside their cause will bring them together again. Woodsworth has been the only new-party leader in the land who can admit ownership of a platform and a policy, whereas the equipment of the others consists (with the present crop, as with their predecessors) of equal parts righteous indignation, directed at nothing in particular and everybody in general, and the yearning to form a government. Depend upon it they will be at it again ere long.

Chances are the C.C.F. is here to stay. It will not surprise this observer if, with the help of its arch-foes, it should stay long enough to become the Government of Canada and one of two continuing political parties in the federal arena. It will not even surprise me if all the other dissatisfied elements fall into line one by one (in the rear rank) for the march on Ottawa. If they do, you can wager with safety that they will accept the C.C.F. policies, not the C.C.F. parts of theirs. Given a war of any serious duration (and absence of serious opposition at first), this is almost sure to happen as soon as war ends.

That is not the immediate point, however. The point is that the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation has survived because it has a policy of its own and adheres to it. Say what you like about this group it is not trying to establish a heaven for wheat growers

from which everybody else will be excluded. It is not concerned with saving the world for one Canadian race group at the expense of the other. It is not attempting to even old scores with anybody, although it is annoyed about Entrenched Wealth. That irritation, however, takes form as a nation-wide idea, not as something for the benefit of any special group. The C.C.F. is simply sawing wood and selling Socialism, in the immediate future if possible, if not now, then later. With this exception none of the others had, or have, anything on the political ball but a prayer—a prayer that Jehovah, in his loving kindness and heavenly generosity, would shower manna on themselves, spinach on their enemies. The manna does not fall, but the parties do. In fact, this particular segment of the discussion should be given a titlepiece of its own: “Memo To Mr. Herridge For Use Now or Later”.

II

Meanwhile on the other side of the coin the coat of arms of another group of *degoutés* is found, bearing the heraldry of Salvation From The Right, by means of something called National Government. In Montreal there has long been talk of “solving the Railway Problem” by this strange device, the argument raised being that Liberals and Tories alike are afraid to tackle it alone and so should be dragged, forcibly if necessary, to the altar and there made decent, but not necessarily compatible, companions, by

virtue of shotgun rites. Certain godly Torontonians saw in the idea a solution for Unemployment and the everlasting drain of relief. Others, here, there and elsewhere, hoped it would provide a royal road to lower taxes, believing, no doubt, that the backers of such a movement, as representatives of the high taxation bracket, would promptly see to it that all the taxes were dumped forthwith on the backs of the people who have no money to pay them. I cannot see the idea at all. If I were a member of the Opposition I would not even want National Government as a war measure, because at war's end I might discover that my party had become defunct.

Granted the necessity for doing something about "the drain of the railways", for "solving" unemployment and for lowering the cost of peace-time government, I cannot be convinced that these variegated ills could ever be cured by forcing Mr. King and Doctor Manion to occupy common living quarters. (Might I point out that when we began to dig a new drain, armament, not one of the country's commercial sages suggested that this expenditure, as it was before the declaration of war, destined to be greater than railway losses have ever been, would put us in the fiscal doghouse?)

What is hoped for, of course, by those who espouse the idea of National Government is that what we shall get is virtually one-party Government. I am one of those who is instinctively and unalterably

opposed to one-party Government, or anything even mildly resembling it in peace or in war. The essence of self-government is Loyal Opposition. Remove Opposition and we are only a step away from autocracy, and that is something I am prepared to go to any length to oppose. I wish I could say as much for some of my compatriots, for in all conscience there seem to be a great many people in the land who want to regiment the rest of us; benevolently, of course. Well, I do not want to be regimented, benevolently or otherwise, and I propose to continue to complain vigorously when anybody tries to drive the thin edge of the wedge into the already anaemic state of our freedom.

Nor is there anything of value in the everlastingly restated poppycock that the only cure for our ills is to choose a Government composed of business men. If business is the repository of so much of the nation's ability-*cum*-probity, why has the business man been hanging back all these years, denying to an unfortunate land the benisons of his acumen and integrity? My own hazard concerning his modesty is that there hasn't been enough money to be made by joining forces with other "men of good will" in the task of giving the country what his friends allege would be honest and efficient administration.

The National Government idea, in point of fact, would defeat the very purpose which its sponsors have in mind. It would not provide us with the one-party Government which is the vision of Heaven entertained

by those who have regarded money as the only national yardstick worth having. In the beginning, it may be, the Die-Hards might have the opportunity to revel in a Parliament in which administration members would overflow the seats to the Speaker's right to such a depth as to leave only space for a corporal's guard of opposition. Such an administration might even continue to use the smoke screen of war to bring about "reforms" for which the Die-Hard press has so long been howling. But that would be a beginning, not an end. Because large numbers of our people are democratically inclined, even though wealth is not, the almost immediate result would be a tremendous resurgence of Opposition spirit which, I am inclined to believe, would soon find its spiritual home under the banner of the C.C.F. If the two old parties were to unite *before* a General Election that resurgence would be manifested at once and it would be reflected in the Parliament which would be on the point of being chosen as these paragraphs are written if Europe had remained sane. On its second run, four or five years hence, I venture to believe that the Left would form a Government. Actually the uniting of Liberals and Tories (each of whom would immediately lose many adherents and more than a few of their present Commons members) is the one action which would bring together all the malcontent groups in the country. From this, of course, a more reasonable political alignment might immediately result, in

that our institutions would be equipped with a party of the Right and a party of the Left, between the policies and hopes of each of which it would be possible for a layman to distinguish with the naked eye. In many ways that would be excellent, from the point of view of the mythical man in the street. But from the point of view of the Whisperers of Death it would be the complete negation of all their aspirations. If I were one of the super-solvent, I do not believe I would agitate too much for a one-party administration, born of the shotgun wedding of the two old groups.

The political circumstances of Canada may be viewed through several pairs of glasses. Vested Wealth, and Big Business obviously look to the extreme Right, where what the good Lord Bennett used to call "enlightened self-interest" leads them. The Have Nots instinctively travel towards the thithermost Left and, believe it or not, the better the mind of the Have Not the greater distance to the Left he is likely to travel. At each extreme lies autocracy in one form or another. Neither admits it. It is doubtful if either knows this is the only possible outcome of his success. If he does, I am sure he intends to be highly benevolent about the whole thing, and to make rules of conduct having in mind what is amusingly described as the citizen's "own good". Between these extremes lies the great body of the Canadian public, a public which is not the least whit interested in being

used as a guinea pig for the social experiments of the Left or the benign legislative charities of the Right.

Canada is essentially a middle-of-the-road country. Most of its people are fundamentally interested in two factors of life, freedom and comfort. The average man, the citizen who is still in a position to house, feed and clothe his wife and children decently but not luxuriously, is hopeful that the lot of the underprivileged can be improved, but expects to see a lot of time and money expended on the task, because he does not believe in Utopia. As a corollary he is prepared to impose healthy taxes on wealth in order to move towards this imperfect Paradise, but not to confiscate, nor to destroy. This, after all, is the fundamental concept of democratic economy. The great Canadian middle class, from the farmer and the skilled mechanic to the middle-sized business man and the small employer, is not going to swap horses without acquiring trustworthy information as to the qualities of the new nag. If he moves at all, it is much more likely to be towards the Left than to the Right. He still prefers—that is to say a majority of him do—the choice between two mid-road groups which hold slightly divergent estimates of how the country should be run, administratively, but who do not intend to alter the foundations of the building. The next generation may hold other views. But up to now this is a country which does not care much for major innovations. A National Government would drive

those who do not wish to go further towards the Right into the hands of the Leftists, slowly perhaps, but still in that direction. A long war, with all the exasperation it will breed in us, will probably have this effect in any case.

The "danger", then, does not come from the protest parties, the indignant groups whose leaders fondly believe that righteous wrath is a policy of itself, nor from those whose object is to find salvation for specified guilds, sections or tongues. The potential menace is that of a sudden swing towards either extremity of the political arc. It may be that an economic heaven can be found in one direction or the other, but heaven on these terms would be a paradise too full of rules to be tolerable. Personally, much as I might like to own a harp, I want to play my own favourite tunes on it, nor do I desire any archangel to tell me that I must not play with the Right hand, or who will forbid me to touch a string with the Left. I want to be free—and ambidextrous.

Our way of life still retains some shreds of liberty and leaves open the road to the pursuit of happiness on a man's own terms. None of the others, as designed by a so-called National Government on the one hand or by Socialism on the other, provide for that pursuit on any but the terms designed by the boss. I only hope we can keep this in view in the perils of the days ahead.

CHAPTER FIVE

POLITICS AND THE SPOILS SYSTEM

IT HAS become the habit of a very large section of the Canadian population—perhaps a majority—to denounce all public men and their works, and to insist, after the fashion of the viewer-with-alarm, that politics and its corollary, patronage, have been carrying the country to the verge of bankruptcy. That was the point of view of the Die-Hard press, and of what may be called Big Business before the first War Parliament met. If it was laid away in emotional mothballs early in September, 1939, be assured it will not remain there for long. Hence it remains a facet of our way of life still to be considered.

To view with alarm is, of course, one of the prerogatives of the democrat. Grant freedom of speech and press to a people, freedom of thought and expression to the individual and, therefore, the right to disagree publicly with the opinions or acts of others, and the alarmed view is certain to emerge. Our way of life is based on the idea of the Ins and the Outs, Government and Opposition, Majority opinion and Minority report. Clearly, then, there must always be some who do not believe in what the authorities of

the day are doing and who will maintain that we shall bring up sharply in a state of economic confusion unless we accept a change of servants forthwith in Ottawa, or the province. The phenomenon is one which gave us a series of Governments, from Confederation down to recent years, which closely resembled each other in their innate conservatism, the ringing of the changes from Grit to Tory and back to Grit occurring as and when the viewers-with-alarm could muster an army sufficient to oust the pointers-with-pride. That is our way, as has already been noted in another chapter.

Such goings-on indicate a state of robustious health in the body-politic. So do those activities which, from time to time, have brought about the formation of protest groups, Ginger, Farmer, Reconstruction, Progressive, C.C.F., or New Democracy. But in recent years another vogue had come upon us, that of iconoclastic caterwauling from a hundred thousand Jeremiahs who have no concrete solution to offer for the ailments they proclaim, but deal only in sonorous catchphrases. Before this war we were beset by incoherent critics in press, pulpit, pub, pullman and public square who could find nothing of good report in anything then being done and who failed to realize (I hope) that the loosely defined cure-alls they urged all lead to some form of autocracy, the only alternative to our present way of life.

In the main the lances of these carping critics were

tilted towards the windmill of patronage. To hear them talk and to read what they wrote (and their numbers included the editors of some of our leading newspapers), one gathered that the cost of government was out of alignment with common sense because politicians loaded the public payroll with appointees named solely for political reasons, gave out contracts to friendly industrialists without thought of price, toyed with the Tariff to suit the demands of their influential friends, spent money on public works solely to cajole Have Not votes and, in general, ran a pork-barrel orgy with the public purse, without regard to the basic rules of kindergarten economics. The trouble, said the Jeremiahs, is politics, politics and patronage, the unholy workings of the spoils system.

Let us grant that the spoils system existed. Let us admit that patronage permeated our politics. How are we to rid ourselves of them? *Should* we rid ourselves of them? But, first, what is patronage; how does the spoils system work?

Patronage is presumed by the public to consist of the power vested in a Member of Parliament to get things done for his friends and constituents. Perhaps he can find a temporary appointment in Customs or Immigration for the son of an occasional party stalwart. Perhaps he can bring influence to bear in the selection of a postmaster. Possibly the final say-so in nominating the operator of a rural mail route may be his. Maybe he can even persuade the powers-that-

be to include a new wharf or Post Office for the county town in the Estimates. Such matters as these, and others like them, have been the beginning and ending of the patronage wielded by the private member, the back-bencher.

Presumably the critics of the existing system believe that in the upper brackets of politics much higher jinks than these were the order of the day. Latterly, of course, a large part of the great un-read, that amazing army of voters and their kin who are always ready to believe the worst, pointed with pride to the Bren gun and viewed with alarm the possibilities of nefarious proceedings as Canada, in its own small way, began to take a hand in the armament race.

Time and again since the Bren inquiry I have heard people (who obviously had not followed the evidence) speak of the "crooked work" involved. Strangely none of them referred to the gymnastics of the promoters, however,—that was business—but all had reference to the Government, to the Minister of National Defence and members of the Civil Service. I have been at a loss to understand the point of view, but I recognize it as general in this country. Anyone entering public life immediately becomes vulnerable and he must expect to be labelled rogue, no matter what he does, for the simple reason that the citizen has come to believe (thanks to an inexplicable propaganda, much of which originates in supposedly responsible sources) that all men in politics are dam-

aged goods, so far as their ethics are concerned. I disagree cordially. I believe that Canadian public life is as honest as Canadian business life. I believe the average politician is as honest as the average business man, as anxious to promote the *bien être* of Canada as any man outside the arena, as courageous as the average citizen engaged in commerce and as good a Canadian as the average occupant of pulpit or editorial sanctum. How many major political scandals have we known since Confederation? And when these have occurred how many men in public life have been personally involved? Have we seen no scandals in Church, in business, in the learned professions? Possibly this may be negative reasoning, for no doubt all men should be without moral frailty, but I put it to you that the politician is every whit as entitled to charitable consideration from his peers as is the member of the Chamber of Commerce, who can find a racketeer or two among his associates, you may be sure. Frankly, it is time Canadians revamped their point of view towards their elected representatives. The poor fellows have their troubles, as the average elector would soon discover were he to be led to a seat in the Chamber. What finer thing has ever been said by any public man than the Canadian Prime Minister's demand upon the job- and contract-hunters to stay away from his door?

No one denies there is patronage in ordinary times. Almost everyone, in and out of statecraft, accepts 'as

an axiom the dictum which says that to the victor belong the spoils. To argue otherwise would be to pretend that falsehood is truth. In fine, when the Liberals are in power they endeavour to see to it that as much Government business as possible goes to firms known to be favourable to the Liberal party and its policies, all other things being equal (and sometimes when they are not). Presumably this is one reason why business (that purifying influence to which so many people would like us to convey the reins of administration) contributes to campaign funds, if we must be cynical. Certainly any good Tory M.P. will try to make sure that such appointments as fall open in his riding are allotted to his own supporters. But by the same token a Bishop will appoint to a good parish an incumbent known to be favourable to himself, a General Manager will select a head for the Sales Department who is likely to play the boss's game, or will pass along a juicy contract to a firm headed by one of his friends, rather than to one with the management of which he has next-to-nothing in common. Patronage and the spoils system are threaded through the whole pattern of our civilization. True, the terms may not be applied to the medical profession, to the Bar, to those who manufacture the amenities of our life, or to relations between foreman and the employee in the ranks, but the practice abounds. Unfortunately, however, the name has achieved a peculiar stigma in its applica-

tion to the politician, possibly because he lives in the limelight, possibly because what is involved is our tax money. Nevertheless what the opponents of patronage should be agitating to bring about is not so much a change in the *modus operandi* of politics, as in the basic ingredients of human nature.

In point of fact I am not convinced that the spirit which motivates the politician in his dispensary is as cynical as the Jeremiahs would have us believe. Currently my own county is represented in one of the elective Houses by a citizen to whose politics I am hotly opposed. Nevertheless we remain friends and, as a friend, I have had ample opportunity to ponder the endless queue which forms at his door whenever he finds time to come into the riding. Jones wants a job on the road for his boy. Smith thinks he ought to be a revenue collector. Desrivières wants an Old Age Pension for his mother, whom he is quite capable of supporting. Brown wants this and Blouin that. And to all these complaints the Member must lend a friendly ear, produce his constituents' wants from his hat, as a conjuror causes rabbits to materialize—or else. . . Or else Jones, Smith, Brown and Blouin will blurt it about that the Member is a thus and a so, and when next he presents himself to the electorate will work against him, tooth and claw. I recall, as a matter of fact, the evening when my friend's election was announced. That night I sat talking with his predecessor, a Cabinet Minister who had just become

ex-. "Poor John," he said. "His troubles are about to begin. Wait until he sees the line-up at his door in the morning!"

The blame for patronage and for the whole spoils system, then, rests with the citizenry and not with those whom they elect to office. The average Canadian *wants* to be able to go to his Member and ask for something to be done about sending the new highway through his field. The average business man *wants* to feel that he can take a train to the capital and say the right word in the right ear at the right time. But if the Ministers and the Members who must listen to all these requests and complaints from morn to night (and somehow find time to do a day's work as well) had their way, I venture to believe they would cheerfully consign at least ninety per cent. of their suppliants to the torture chamber. North Americans enjoy a feeling of moral superiority when they approach their elected representatives with requests. In fine, they *like* patronage. So, in their well-mannered way, do the English, many of whom, no doubt, base their appeals on the Old School Tie. So do the French, a charmingly logical and realistic people. So do all men everywhere. Do not be deluded into believing, therefore, that national and/or business Government would cure the ailment. Patronage would continue. Only immediate beneficiaries would change. Frankly, what we call patronage would seem to be part and parcel of the so-called democratic way.

How much does the spoils system cost the State? Was it leading us to the verge of bankruptcy before the second World War began? If so towards what destination are we heading now?

As to the benisons dispensed by the Private Member, or the defeated candidate on the Government side, I doubt if these gentlemen have cost the country many pennies which would not have to be spent in any case. When all is said, we must have rural mail routes and the prices chargeable for such service have been virtually stabilized by custom. Neither Tories nor Liberals are addicted to the practice of building wharves at points where ships do not dock. In my own community, for example, we are represented by a Liberal at Ottawa and by a Nationalist at Quebec, but I see no public buildings going up on the town square. In fact we have been agitating for almost four years to secure an appropriation of three or four hundred dollars for repairs to the Post Office, thus far *sans* success. Even in time of war these essential services must be maintained. Are there going to be cries of horror every time a recognized Liberal wins a mail-route contract, pains of praise when one goes to a Tory, on the grounds that this manifests governmental probity? Let's not be childish!

As to the influence brought to bear on major contracts or purchases of supplies by highly placed politicians, experience teaches me that much more of

this lives in rumour than in deed. Normally Liberal business goes to Liberal firms and Tory contracts to Tory companies. But that is not to say that the Tory organizer in a mid-Ontario city can overbid a Liberal contractor by twenty-five per cent. and walk away with the order. Possibly the gentleman on the right side might be advised to revise his figures downward if he wants the job; possibly not. But if he is successful, depend upon it that his figure will have to be reasonable. Perhaps you have heard of the Auditor-General. Possibly you may realize that every spending department has its experts and its purchasing executives and that these gentlemen do not hold their posts at the whim of a Minister, nor are they at the beck and call of the Member for Musquash Crossing. If that were so, chaos would have come upon us long since; the revolution would have been over and done with in great-grandfather's day. The important point in our present duress is not *who* does a job, but the terms on which he does it and if there was one pleasing phenomenon to be seen in Ottawa in the opening days of calamity it was the absence of the millionaire politicians on the hunt for contracts or the influential "minister's friend" turning up to be endowed with a colonelcy. Believe me, it's different this time. Thank God!

So, too, with major matters of policy, a favourite hunting ground of the patronage-seeker. Do you imagine for a moment that any Minister or Private

Member has enjoyed the annual bout with the so-called railway problem and the interminable hysteria of a large part of the press whenever the word deficit is spoken aloud? By inference from a great many people who ought to know better, the Government railways have been maintained as they are because two hundred and forty-five politicians like to ride on the gravy train. In actuality, however, the average Member at Ottawa would like to see the problem anywhere but immediately in front of him, sitting uncomfortably on his knees. If he does not follow the ukases laid down from the editorial chairs of the nation it is because he realizes that a majority of the Canadian people do not want the problem handled in the manner which the railway dervishes propose. There is also another point, which seems to have occurred to Parliament but not to the special pleaders, and that is the possibility that the proposals laid down by those who wanted to "form a National Government to solve the railway problem" perhaps did not contain a solution.

As with the railways, so with every pressing problem. The politician has been hounded by lobbyists, by pressure groups of every shade and texture, all of them possessed of plans allegedly certain to enhance the commonweal, but virtually all of them smelling strongly of spoils in one form or another. He will be hounded again, in the not-too-distant future. On more than one occasion the traduced Canadian politician

has stood as the only bulwark between the people and those seeking to spoliage the Treasury on scales undreamed of by the most sinister scoundrel ever to walk the boards of the public stage. On his record since Confederation, the politician in Canada merits your respect, not your anathemas. At worst he is only a product of a system, the result of our individualism.

Patronage is with us to stay. War will not end it. These things are of the very essence of our way of life. The system is imperfect. Abuses occur. Every now and then a first-class scandal illumines the front pages. Such are the foibles of democracy. But . . .

The alternative is autocracy in one form or another and, under any form of autocratic rule, all things are patronage, all things are spoils—the spoils which accrue to the *fuehrer* for distribution as *largesse* amongst his top-flight friends, the patronage bestowed on the rank-and-file follower who wears the shirt of approved colour. For the others, exile or the concentration camp. Here, at least, the citizen has the comfort of knowing that things may change, come election time, after which he might be so fortunate as to get that contract to build a road! By all means destroy abuses. But let us be realists as well, and not go about the scrapping of our way of living without knowing with what we shall replace it. Your politicians have served you well down the years, with few exceptions.

CHAPTER SIX

THE MUCH-ABUSED M.P.

IT HAS become the practice of a great many Canadians to deride the results of our way of choosing candidates for Parliament, particularly in the rural areas. The urban elector—never our most politically-conscious citizen—still seems to persist in the view that most of us who inhabit the agrarian countryside have wisps of hay in our ears and barn dust on our hats. Consequently we are flooded with a tidal wave of acrid generality which charges our homespun politicians with being mainly second-raters, addicted to “wasting the nation’s money” by talking too much when they ought to be working, at just what the deponents do not say.

Some of the more charitably-minded critics may temper the wind to these shorn lambs by adding that you can’t expect a lot of dirt farmers, dentists, small-town lawyers and Main Street merchants to go to Ottawa and satisfactorily discharge functions for which they have had no training. But this is usually no more than a prelude to the suggestion that we should abandon the practice of filling our assemblies with local candidates and adopt, say, the Old Country

method of letting the central party organizations choose their own favourite mental giants to be passed along to the constituencies earmarked for election. Not even the city-slicker M.P.'s escape the barrage.

The object here is to dissect the existing system and to see what may be said *for* it, for a change, on the general theory that it is a good idea to ponder the value of existing assets and liabilities before trading them in for a new set. Let us examine the record.

The democratically-organized riding (my own county, Quebec's Brome, is a case in point) maintains its own party poll-executives as all-year and every-year contacts between party organization centres and party members in the precincts. At times of election this nucleus becomes the spearhead of the fighting forces. Between elections it is the place of consultation between the individual elector and those higher up the political ladder. When we are so fortunate as to have one of our fellows at Ottawa, or in the provincial House, the Poll Chairman becomes the point of contact between the Member and every citizen in the subdivision, regardless of how the individual votes (although ordinary human frailty on occasion may sometimes make the contact less effective for the voter who is known to be a bitter antagonist than for another known to be friendly to the party in power).

When election time approaches, consultation proceeds between the county organization and its poll

committees. The qualifications of numerous possible candidates may be discussed, a sitting Member asked for an accounting of his stewardship . . . and the Member who has not seen fit to keep his lines of communication clean is very likely to discover that he has a palace revolt on his hands. Finally a convention is held to choose a candidate, the ultimate choice—*because* of the system, not in spite of it—being extremely likely to be a man possessing the qualifications generally accepted as going into the make-up of a good Canadian. I am not suggesting that he will be a superman. He doesn't need to be one. In fact, I am far from being convinced that the ordinary M.P. should be one. We'll go into that later.

Whatever else may be said for or against the candidates we select (our own and the other fellows'), it must be admitted that our way of choosing them is of the essence of democracy itself, and that the Member who emerges on election night is going to be a man who knows more than a little about the community he represents and its people. You would have to show rural Canada something pretty good to persuade it to abandon that—and I do not believe that the something in point consists of a Colossus sent to us by a Central Committee in Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, Winnipeg or Vancouver with a tag on his coat instructing us to get busy and elect him to Parliament.

It is argued that the so-called Local Candidate

system is productive of untrained M.P.'s who arrive in Ottawa, or Fredericton, or Regina, or even Toronto's Queen's Park, without knowing what it's all about. Let us look into the matter.

First, what should the gentleman commonly described as a Private Member know? I submit that he should be a man who has enjoyed modest success in whatever profession he has followed in his ordinary life and be a citizen worthy of the respect of his fellows. Under the Local Candidate system he is just that sort of person nine times in ten. No local organization in the deep countryside is likely to choose a harum-scarum fibbertigibbet of a fellow, because the chances are it couldn't elect him. The voters would attend to that point, because the average resident of rural Canada is still pretty well grounded in a belief in numerous old-fashioned virtues. There is also to be perceived amongst us a certain native shrewdness which leads us to choose men likely to serve the interests of our own kind of riding and our own kind of people—which doesn't necessarily imply antagonism to other kinds of ridings and other kinds of people. If that were the state of our shortsightedness Canada would be governed permanently by a Natural Resources group and the Opposition would consist of a handful of members from ridings in which non-native industries (such as cotton textiles and automobile-assembly) predominate.

Second, what should the Private Member *do*? Let us look at what he is doing already.

If he is a member of a Committee he can count on surrendering a good part of his morning and afternoon to participation in the deliberations of that adjunctive body. Every day he receives a voluminous mail from individual voters in his constituency, not counting the letters which come from cranks and pressure groups. Every letter must be answered, or the M.P. suffers the consequences in criticism. In order to do so intelligently he must rustle around and come by the information sought by many of those who write. The Member who can keep pace with his correspondence is a busy man, without regard to his other preoccupations. Beyond this he must see Ministers about his constituency's affairs. He must visit the various Departments of State from time to time and consult with permanent officials on matters pertaining to his own part of the country. He must receive delegations and steer others to their destinations. These are what might be called his extra-territorial functions. In addition he is expected to be in the House a good part of the time, always when matters of import to his riding, or the sort of people who live in his riding, are under discussion. He is expected to be in his chair when items of major policy are on the agenda and, if he possesses the power of speech in any marked degree, to participate in debates

on subjects concerning which he is well-informed. He must be available constantly for divisions—but he can be reasonably sure of getting away by midnight and of being free thereafter until he has swallowed his breakfast next morning. In fine, he is the direct representative in Ottawa of the people who elected him and he puts in what any business man would regard as two days' work in their behalf every day of the session. In addition he carries on, as the direct representative of all Canadians, the actual House duties of an M.P. That is the way of life of the average back-bencher in Ottawa. War will not change these duties noticeably, other than to increase them. An easy life!

Between sessions he must maintain constant contact with his constituency and its people—and he does, or else. . . In his spare time he is at liberty to look after his private affairs, but most of my M.P. friends discovered long ago that personal considerations must be pushed into the background day after day and week after week. Their wives grow hopeful as nomination time rolls around, but when their husbands come home from the conventions and announce that they have been chosen to run again the ladies swoon and take to their beds with the megrims. I don't wonder.

These are the things your own back bencher is doing now. What more would you like to ask of him?

Obviously he is no superman, this average Private

Member. He does not need to be. Our way of free government provides for the choice of men of better-than-average attainments and the selection of leaders amongst them by a process of winnowing within the system itself. Thus the new Member must make his own going as a Parliamentarian. If he shows the qualities of ability and balance combined which go to make up the considerably-better-than-average mind, he is not long in making his mark and will soon find himself assigned to duties suited to his attainments and nature. If he is just an ordinary fellow he can still render signal service to the State by representing his own constituents faithfully and honestly, as a great many back-benchers do.

The system is elastic enough, in all conscience. When it is desired to bring into Parliament a man of known qualities to whom a leader wishes to delegate an important role, difficulty is seldom encountered in finding a seat. Constituency organizations may not be addicted to taking orders, but they can still perceive the advantage in accepting a top-flight man as their candidate—and when I speak of advantage I am not thinking of patronage, pork-barrels, or of any of the vague-generalities terms beloved of the critic of our way of politics. Can you imagine any obstacle being placed in the way of C. H. Cahan, Colonel Ralston, Doctor Manion or Ernest Lapointe by any local party organization should any of these be looking for a way to return to the House? Here is as good an

answer to our system's critics as may be found, this and the fact that the system itself uncovers and develops able men on its own account. Within my own lifetime my home riding has sent to Ottawa such men as Sidney Fisher, who became Laurier's Minister of Agriculture, Colonel Harry Baker, prominent on the other side of politics until he fell in action while leading the 5th C.M.R. Battalion at Maple Copse, and Andrew McMaster—surely not a bad record for one small county under a system that is alleged to produce duds to sit in a dud Parliament.

Those who advocate adoption of the English method of selecting parliamentary candidates are confusing the polished exteriors of the gentlemen of Westminster with the possession of brains. Actually, however, as many second-raters (perhaps more) contrive to reach the House on the Thames as may be found in the one which looks down on the Ottawa. The Broad A and the Slurred R are not necessarily symptoms of erudition. Nor does ownership of an Old School Tie preclude stupidity from the list of a man's liabilities, or issue any insurance policy on his probity. The playgrounds of Montreal's mountain-side, the barnyards of Wetaskiwin and the lush meadows of Brome produce men suited to the requirements of this continent and this people. True, we have our duds. But what price the Playing Fields of Eton? What is more, the Government in Canada is an institution more democratic in intent and practice

than that of the Mother Country, for all our padlock laws and pressure groups—which is another reason why so many of the carping critics of our institutions prefer that House to this.

No democratic assembly can be composed entirely of leaders, any more than an army corps can be made up solely of generals. Under our method, government is carried on by the committee of the majority known as the Cabinet. The rank and file survey its legislation, support or criticize its policies, express their opinions in their votes. Beyond this each Member attends to duties relating to the section of the country which sent him to the Hill. In doing all this it is frequently charged that they talk too much. But what is the function of Parliament if it is not to discuss the proposals laid before it by the Cabinet? How else is the country to be informed of what is afoot? How else is the liberty of the individual Canadian to be safeguarded? How else may responsible institutions be maintained?

Deep down-country the criticism expressed is usually that the local Member doesn't give vent to his views often enough, not that he has too much to say. More than ever in the days ahead we shall need men who will be the choices of their own people back home, not the representatives of any pressure *cartel*.

CHAPTER SEVEN

ACCURACY AND THE PRESS

MUCH has been written, and much more said, about the venality of the North American press. But extremely little attention has been paid to the glaring inaccuracies which newspapers, news services, news reviews, magazines and radio commentators commit in the course of the day's work. Nevertheless an infinite amount of misinformation is spread by the slovenly reporting of those who place "colour" before fact, sensationalism before accuracy and the demands of the clock before the verities. The charge is not so much that deliberate falsehood reaches the news pages or the air waves, but that facts and the backgrounds against which news occurs are misunderstood, misrepresented and garbled (sometimes even invented) to achieve sensational effects, or to meet the demands of the deadline.

Whether or not the North American press functioned as it ought in straight news coverage during the so-called world-crisis period remains a debatable point. No doubt the press thinks it did, and would point to its own fine frenzy as the epitome of service to the public. Many of its readers hold the contrary

view, however. That it overplayed its hand during the acute days from Berchtesgaden through Godesberg to Munich seems undeniable, for what reached us consisted of a great deal of noise and very little news—and certainly the former is unjustifiable unless complemented by the latter. A similar statement holds true of the days leading to the opening of the second World War. Almost from moment to moment our hemisphere was regaled with printed and spoken symposiums, the authors of which, although they may have swallowed the latest advices from Britain, France, Germany and Poland, had taken no time to digest them. Because of this clamour, North America virtually abandoned its normal pursuits for days on end, waiting for civilization to crash down over its ears. When we were not rushing out to buy the latest editions, each carrying headlines more fearsome than the last, our ears were glued to radio receivers, through which constant streams of cable summaries were poured by the Messrs. Kaltenborn *et al*, usually coupled to interpretative addenda beginning: "What this means is . . ." We came close to the precipice of continent-wide hysteria during those days. The press and its newest handmaiden, radio, created and sustained the condition by working high-g geared communications to their limit, while making little use of the analytical and reflective qualities of the editorial mind, which, like any other mind, requires time in order to function properly.

No doubt such activities will be seriously curtailed in Canada, now that armageddon is upon us again, but Canadians will still be open ground to the excited commentaries of our neighbours to the south. I do not believe that we should gag them, or pursue any censorial course likely to withhold any news or fair comment from our people. Surely we democrats can "take it". What is urged here is not a curtailment of the privileges of press or radio, but a true sense of responsibility on the part of the press itself and by the broadcaster.

The tremendous stepping-up of facilities for world-wide communication which has occurred during the day of the present generation of newspaper men and women has contributed more than any other element to inaccurate reporting. Perhaps the groundwork was laid with the coming of what our fathers labelled "yellow journalism", still the altar of the writer who puts sensationalism before fact. But the zenith of inaccuracy was not reached until contact between this continent and the thithermost parts of the earth, as well as internal communication, became instantaneous and virtually continuous. Professor John Q. Stewart of Princeton, writing in *Harper's* for January, 1939, summed up the malady in a phrase: "the limitations imposed on reporting by excessive mania for speed". Certainly this was a much more peaceful hemisphere to be living in before New York, London, Shanghai and Warsaw began to occupy a common

tenement block, because distant troubles often were over and done with before we knew they were happening; an overworked statement which has become a *cliché*, perhaps, but one for which much may be said, at least so far as mankind's peace of mind is concerned.

Unfortunately the press of North America has not recognized the responsibility which new communication devices impose upon the user. Instead it takes the view that facilities must be kept in constant use and the product passed along to the public in the raw state, for fear of march-stealing competitors. Thus, when a major news event is in spate, no time is taken to weigh its ingredients, which are presented to the consumer in a hurriedly compiled jumble collected from half-a-dozen points of the compass. Then, as the crisis subsides,—no matter whether what is involved is the tearing of a piece of paper in Europe, the raising of a sunken submarine, or the passing of a hurricane through New England—the affair is abandoned by a news desk in search of new blood- or emotion-curdling, so that the public never discovers what actually happened.

Such statements apply with even greater force to the broadcaster than to the newspapers, because radio reaches isolated elements not touched by the daily press and those to whom the printed word is not available until the news is dead and gone, a not inconsiderable section of the population. In addition,

radio still carries an authority which everyone tends to accept without question, perhaps because cold type cannot compete with the inflexions of the human voice, perhaps because, as the newest wonder of the average man's world, the ether still possesses a miracle quality as a carrier. Whatever the reason, the radio people had not discovered it by autumn, 1938, when the declaration of war was expected almost from hour to hour, nor by the end of August, 1939, when war came. The renowned Orson Welles broadcast should have taught them something, but apparently didn't. Certainly the air-newsmen were as frantic as ever in the days just before the Beast marched again in Europe. Let us hope that, with war here, we may be so fortunate as to discover that the newscaster is beginning to emerge from the tyro stage, in which the wonders of his transoceanic hook-up have been accepted as being of greater importance than the announcements sent over it.

When a *fait accompli* comes to hand, obviously speed becomes the essence of enterprise. But, so long as surmise is the working basis, much remains to be said for the old-fashioned idea of weighing what comes to the editor's desk before releasing it to an anxious, and often jittery, public. At least the practice might tone down the activities of the "Flash! Flash!" school of broadcasters and would obviate such headline clashes as occurred in New York on May 5, 1939, when the *World-Telegram* announced:

"Britain Turns Down Soviet Plan", as the *Sun* informed its readers: "Britain Accepts Russian Alliance Plan". As a matter of fact, neither was right.

Such occurrences are by no means isolated cases. The mechanics of news-gathering and news-dissemination have improved a thousandfold during the past twenty years, but the reliability of the product has declined in proportion. The answer lies in large part in "speed mania", in permitting mechanical facilities to become the editor's master instead of his servant. If the crisis period has proved anything to the press of North America, it should have established the need for a more responsible approach to what the trade calls spot-news coverage.

II

In fairness it must be admitted that American foreign correspondents, principal suppliers of Canada's European news, have rendered excellent service from Europe during the post-Versailles years. But they, like the harried occupants of the copy desks at home, who must boil twenty bulletins into one and rush the result to the compositor tagged "New Lead Europe" have become the slaves of speed, even in their interpretative despatches. The mere presence of a correspondent in Prague and of facilities for instantaneous communication with his editor was never a valid reason for cables which have nothing but rumour to relay, certainly not for seriously worded estimates

which give rumour the colour of fact. The vogue for statements beginning: "Reliable sources here are of the opinion that . . .", or: "It was said in Downing Street today that . . .", only annoy the adult mind (to quote a friend who found himself exasperated by today's failure of yesterday's news-guesses: "The Downing Street authority must have been Mrs. Chamberlain's charlady"). The root of the evil is that the European correspondent dabbles too much in the realm of conjecture, partly because of the mania for speed and (more particularly in the case of the syndicated writer) because of the necessity to produce a daily column of type. To them and to their employers this may appear justifiable. The excuse that official news is not available is always forthcoming. The fact remains that the foreign correspondent guessed wrong in conjectures almost innumerable during the power politics era, but the possibility of error is not mentioned in his cables. Thus we discover such top-notch reporters as G. E. R. Gedye forced to take refuge in the weak defence that he had not foreseen a hostile coalition of Britain, Germany, France and Italy when he predicted that the Czech army would fight rather than quit, and pleading guilty to "lack of omniscience" rather than "false prophecy"—a very fine distinction under the circumstances.

"One can collect innumerable details from all the 'reliable' and questionable sources," Dorothy Thomp-

son says in her apologia for the Foreign Affairs columnists, "and if these details are substantiated from diverse sources, one can guess they are correct". But should the writer venture to present such conclusions as *being* correct? Should any reporter dealing in the combustible materials of the greatest conflagration in history dare to assume the mantle of the oracle and toss off his or her personal conclusions with a casual "This is so" and "That is not so"? I doubt it. We who deal in words are too much inclined to use them lightly, with more thought for the quality of a sentence than for its possible effect on the people who read it.

If proof is required to support the view that the speed mania, the suction of the deadline, is largely responsible for the inaccuracies of the day's foreign despatches and columns, it will be found, by contrast, in the thoughtful articles in magazines and in the volumes of excellent eyewitness writing which the correspondents turn out when they have time for considered composition. But it should not be necessary to wait until the reporter has leisure in which to write a magazine paper, or a book, to discover that he, or she, has been guessing through Europe. Miss Thompson's succinct: "Remember that much that passes for fact is only gossip or rumour" would make an excellent masthead motto for all those currently commenting on the War of the Ideologies.

III

Turning aside from the war, because the press was with us before and will still be here when it ends, the straight-line descendant of father's "yellow journalist" adds a yearning for "colour" to the speed mania as he sets up his portable typewriter on the outer fringes of the news. Sent out to bring home a story, his search is for the unique "angle", often without regard to the possibility that the point of vantage he takes up may throw the resulting picture out of focus.

If Hearst originated the fantastic school of North American news-writing, the tabloids raised the fungus to maturity. Today the continent abounds in copyists. Excepting a few old-line metropolitan journals, most of which appear to be declining in circulation and influence, and small-city papers read by compact clienteles who are likely to take offence from bizarre reports of local events or from highly coloured tales of the misfortunes of local people, the interest in accuracy for accuracy's sake is virtually extinct. Amongst the mass-appeal dailies the colouring of news for sensation-making reasons has come to be taken as a matter of course, particularly in relation to events happening beyond the immediate orbit of the man on the desk which are deemed of sufficient importance to merit the attention of staff reporters.

Of no community is this statement more true than

of New York, the continent's news headquarters. Actually the art as practised on the banks of the Hudson, or by young men and women of Manhattan who descend on native populations elsewhere, is often the essence of the "hick journalism" which most of them went to the Big Town to escape. The impression is conveyed that everything taking place beyond, say, a fifty-mile radius of the Greater New York town pump happens in a vast, uncultured wilderness tenanted by quaint people of bizarre customs. This "subway reporting" is neither more nor less than the original Hearst idea of writing down to the mass intelligence level. It is not surprising that the citizen who draws on such papers for his reading matter, on quitting his native Brooklyn or Bronx to visit such foreign parts as Quebec, becomes a source of irritation to the outlander, thanks to the remarkable estimate of life beyond Albany which the New Yorker has picked up from his home press.

In no direction has the inaccuracy of the flamboyant news-writer been more clearly shown than in the reporting of crime. Today the courtroom is no longer the calm, austere chamber in which alleged sins of omission and commission are weighed on the scales of Justice. Instead the courts have become sound stages on which tomorrow's headline material is rehearsed for the benefit of the special writers, a statement which applies with greater force to the United States than it does to Canada, where "contempt" is

still taken seriously. Yet much of the real dramatic value of an important trial is often lost as a result of the reporter's ochre daubs. Certainly the Question and Answer evidence of the first Hines trial in New York revealed more of the tautness of the Dewey-Stryker duel than all the "leads" of the specialists put together. Nor are the courts of Uncle Sam's distant states free from invasion when a "monkey trial" (the Scopes Case) is proceeding, or when a "Pig Woman" (the Hall-Mills trial) is available for delivery on the front page. Can any reasonably intelligent person defend the manner in which many newspapers covered the aftermath of the Lindbergh kidnapping and, subsequently, the trial of Hauptmann? The Sidley inquest in Toronto provides an excellent example of the Canadian press staging a Roman holiday of sensationalism, without knowledge of the facts, or if it did know them, any interest in adherence. The term "trying cases in the newspapers" is no misnomer. By its own inaccurate definition of its liberty, a large section of the press long since crossed the borders of licence. If freedom of the press vanishes, its publishers will be to blame, not the devotees of any *ism* who may be the actual instruments. I say this as a writer whose whole life depends upon freedom—and his own intelligent use of it.

The impelling force, in the large cities, as in the case of "speed mania", is the competition for circulation. The act of publishing has become a diurnal

drama festival in which the prize goes to the contestant who delivers his lines in the most emotion-appealing way. A large part of the press is not retailing news for news' sake, but sensation for circulation's sake. The reader is not informed of this policy, however, and so is likely to take what is written at face value.

If necessary, the enterprising journalist of this school does not hesitate to invent his own news, or to manufacture it in advance, as witness the plight of the Minneapolis *Star*, which sponsored an expedition of Minnesota officials to Winnipeg "to greet the King and Queen". As army planes from Minneapolis roared overhead and massed bands from Minneapolis roared on the ground, but before the Royal Train had reached the station, the *Star* appeared on Winnipeg news stands carrying the headline: "GOVERNOR, KING SHAKE HANDS AT WINNIPEG", proceeding thence to describe the "quick, warm gesture" with which George of England and Stassen of Minnesota greeted each other. An hour later, at the Parliament Buildings, Governor Stassen was asked by an aide to step out of the reception line. The "meeting" did not take place. Apparently royalty does not like to play puppet for newspaper promotion stunts. The *Star*, in later editions, hid its confusion behind a new headline: "GOVERNOR HAS PLACE OF HONOR NEAR KING".

Not all the practices of inaccuracy, however, are

the result of the "speed mania" or the pursuit of sensationalism. Much of it is sheer carelessness, for the modern reporter is not the stickler for the crossing of t's that his father was. How otherwise could five New York dailies produce three distinct versions of the brief sentence spoken by Secretary Hull in introducing the President to the King and Queen, or eight New York papers discover five variations of Mr. Roosevelt's response, a matter, at most, of eight or nine words? By the same token, no vicious intent could be found in the eminent mid-western newspaper's report that in Saskatchewan the population greeted their monarchs "in native dress". George and Elizabeth, if I remember correctly, wore the native costumes of the well-to-do English that day, apparel not unlike that in which Saskatchewan turned out to see its rulers. It is a pleasant pursuit to remember now the foolish things which could happen before the world went mad again!

IV

Looking back to the spring of 1939, because the events of that period are approximately the last which it is possible to bring into proper perspective, if excuse may be made for the daily press and its news services on the grounds of time-pressure, none may be found for the weekly news-magazines which boast of their long-view approach to the news and the objectivity of their reporting. Nevertheless it was a

news magazine, *Time*, which, in its May 29th issue, established the high for inaccurate reporting on the Royal Tour. *Time* said:

"This ill-omen (of landing left-foot-first on Canadian soil) was somewhat reflected in the reserved manner in which Quebec's French-speaking citizenry received them . . . But the farther west Their Majesties went . . . the more English and enthusiasm they ran into, until, at Ottawa, the crowd went crazy. . . At that point the Royal Visit—whose chief purpose was to bring Canada as close as possible into the arms of the war-scared mother country—could be said to have achieved its effect 100%. . .

"What Their Majesties had seen in the first whirlwind two days was mostly quaint, Arcadian stuff—a Frenchy people, curious, appreciative, but not essentially King-loving in the British manner. Beef-eating Ottawa more than made up for this. . .

"World War Veterans . . . slapped the King on the back, wrung the Queen's free hand. 'You don't need any bullet-proof glass here, Your Majesty', they cried. 'God bless' you, you're among friends!'"

The obvious implication is that French Canada's welcome to George and Elizabeth was lukewarm, English Canada's tumultuously emotional. But the facts are that more than five times Quebec's population crowded into Canada's ancient capital that day (*Time* should look at the news-reels for samples of

crowd enthusiasm) and that more than 1,500,000 people, almost one-sixth of Canada's total population, lined the streets of the world's second French-speaking city on the second day to see Their Majesties. If Montrealers were cool, then so were ogles in Toronto, Washington and New York. In the evening, when the Royal Couple's public appearances were over for the day, more than 100,000 people jam-packed the square outside the Windsor Hotel while a civic banquet was in progress and called for the King and Queen with such insistence that George and Elizabeth left dinner half-eaten to appear on their balcony, as they did on three occasions during the evening. Apparently *Time* did not hear the roars of acclaim which came from those "lukewarm" Norman throats. (Note—The writer does not hold that public hosannas are proof of loyalty. The yardstick was chosen by *Time* for its Quebec-Montreal-Ottawa comparisons.)

"Beef-eating Ottawa" then "made good for all this". In short, nobody at *Time* took the trouble to discover that the Canadian capital is largely a French-speaking town, for of the 150,000 residents of the city and its environs only slightly less than half are French-Canadians. This is the English-speaking, beef-eating community which "made up" for French Canada's lethargy!

Simultaneously the picture-weekly, *Life*, had the

following comment to offer under a photograph of Their Majesties:

"Here, in good, British Ottawa, Their Majesties ride in an open landau with footmen and outriders instead of the Chrysler with bullet-proof glass they used in French-Canadian Quebec."

No flagrant falsehood is found in the landau-Chrysler statement. The King and Queen *did* ride in an open carriage in Ottawa. The cars used in Quebec *were* equipped with shatter-proof glass. But so were the cars used in Ottawa and every other Canadian city, because they were the same cars. The landau-ride was taken on a State occasion, on similar expeditions to which the Governor-General uses this equipage, as the King and Queen use the royal coach when setting out to visit the Parliament at Westminster. The construction of the royal cars was no secret; neither was the manner of their use. Two cars arrived a day in advance in each city where a procession was scheduled, two others of similar protective-construction being leapfrogged ahead to the next stop, and so across the continent. This information was published several weeks before the tour began and was repeated in Canadian Government handouts. Therefore it was available to everyone reporting on the Royal Visit. Nevertheless *Life* felt impelled to suggest that the authorities feared overt acts from the French-speak-

ing population (and so employed bullet-proof transport in Quebec) but knew it had nothing to fear from patriotic English-speaking Canada (and so took George and Elizabeth buggy-riding in an open landau).

Not content with creating this fallacious background, *Life* proceeded to identify Mayor Houde of Montreal as "a preposterous local jingo who announced in February that in case of war between Britain and Italy Quebec would be for Fascist Italy". *Time* contented itself with calling the gentleman an Italophile. Yet Houde's February speech contained nothing which says that Quebec would desert Britain for Italy (a somewhat difficult feat, even if Quebec wanted to perform it), and not a word to indicate that the Mayor had offered his sword, or even his vocabulary, to Mussolini. What the Mayor actually said is that French-Canadians believe in firm political leadership and national discipline and so are not without a bond of sympathy with the Italians. Was anything radically wrong with the holding of such an opinion? Did it make Houde an Italophile?

It would be foolish to deny that Canada's inter-racial association is delicate, as relationship must be when two peoples of widely diverse temperaments live together under a compact which gives each equal right to retain its identity in every respect. Each race has its bigots. Occasionally "nationalist" movements originate in Quebec, but the fever always subsides, for

the excellent reason that the two races actually like each other. Unfortunately most of the material published outside Quebec during the current "nationalist" boom must have been written by observers who dropped in on French Canada between trains and rushed home to pin the shopworn Fascist label on its people, presumably because the tag is still good for a sensational headline, or a flamboyant legend under a photograph. Admitting the existence of problems, even in the light of such monstrosities as the Padlock Law, recent political movements in Quebec could never be described as Fascist. It would be well, then, to keep in mind the importance of liking and understanding the French-Canadian philosophy and psychology before producing light effusions on events without knowledge of the temperament of the people involved,—and sympathy for it. I hope our enthusiastic Imperialists will bear this in mind in the days of ordeal ahead.

The errors of such slovenly reporting may seem of no importance to the responsible editors, but the matter was not so regarded in Montreal, where the English-speaking aldermen (most of whom are the French-speaking Mayor's bitter political foes) signed a round-robin condemning the periodicals concerned, as did leading English-language societies. The editor's retort to the flood of letters of protest was: "*Time* seems to have underrated the fierce enthusiasm for royalty of Canada's loyal French-Canadians,

British-Canadians and U.S. visitors". What *Time* actually underrated was the "fierce enthusiasm" of these citizens for accurate reporting which, in this instance, erroneously pictured the deportment of almost forty per cent. of the Canadian population.

The results of such high emprise are twofold. The absentee reader is given a false concept of the scene and so becomes wrongly informed, which is worse than being uninformed. (Throughout the summer *Time* readers were still congratulating the publishers on their courage.) The domestic reader, recognizing the error of the reporter's ways, can only wonder to what extent similar inaccuracy prevails in the covering of events which occur against backgrounds unfamiliar to him. Thus, in the last analysis, the publisher who places sensationalism before accuracy fouls his own nest.

V

The mechanical perfection of North American magazines is made immediately obvious by comparison with the products of other continents. Our smooth-paper periodicals contain the best light fiction written for the average taste in the language, in spite of the charge of "pattern writing". In their non-fiction departments, however, the big-circulation magazines are not without the taint of inaccuracy.

For example, discussion has raged recently around the series of articles published in the *Saturday Even-*

ing Post over the signature of W. G. Krivitsky, described as former Chief of Soviet Military Intelligence in Western Europe. Mainly the controversy has had to do with the authenticity, or otherwise, of Krivitsky's "confessions", wherein, it seems to the writer, another factor, equally important, has been overlooked by the critics. That is the fact that, although the articles carried only the Krivitsky by-line, they were prepared for publication by a well-known American writer and publicist, Isaac Don Levine, whose name did not appear on the credit-line. "I simply collaborated" is Levine's description of his participation, but in writing-man's language the term "collaborate" has become synonymous with the verb "to ghost".

The practice of publishing articles over the signatures of prominent statesmen, politicians, industrialists or refugees which have been prepared by paid ghost-writers is not good press. If, say, Henry Ford is unable to express his own opinions, or lacks time to write them, then they should be published in interview, or other honest form over the signature of the man who does the writing. Currently, however, the upper-flight citizen whose opinions, or biography, may be of sufficient interest to warrant publication in a national magazine, is presented to the public as a fully qualified writer. You may depend upon it that in a majority of cases he is not. The writer's own ghostings (memories from a checkered past!), which in-

cluded the published works of trans-Atlantic fliers, rescue pilots, professional athletes, a railroad president and a Prime Minister, failed to reveal one who could turn out a readable piece for popular consumption. That, after all, is a writer's job. So why suggest that these, and others like them, are all natural authors, which is tantamount to saying that anyone can write acceptably? What is more important, why deceive the reader by permitting him to think that the golden words he reads are those of his favourite second-baseman or statesman, when they are merely the product of the Public Relations man, or his hired ghost?

Nor have the magazines (the reference here is particularly true of the "smooth paper" periodicals of United States origin which make up so great a part of the average Canadian's literary diet) neglected to tear a page from the book of the colour-writer, particularly in regard to articles dealing with subjects which may be called glamorous, or romantic, in that they describe risky jobs performed in out-of-the-way places, or modes of life unlike the rutted ways of the urban householder or village shopkeeper. To my own knowledge, because for many years my work has taken me into the far north, almost every article published in the large-circulation periodicals during the last decade-and-a-half having to do with the development of the Arctic and sub-Arctic tundras has overplayed the "he-man" angle. Amid the plethora of

Mounted Policemen, hoary prospectors, intrepid aviators and heroic dog-team drivers the actual living conditions of people resident in isolated mining camps and fur trade posts fail to break through into visibility. The life of the country, as presented to the reader, may thrill him to his marrow, but the presentation has often been unrecognizable to the local resident as a word-picture of his stamping ground. Men down north wear parka-hoods to keep out the cold, not because such apparel gives them the appearance of characters out of Service, via Hollywood. The real romance of far northern development during the past decades lies in the story of man's ingenuity in summoning to his aid such instruments as the aeroplane and the tractor to push back the last of Nature's barriers on this continent and in the almost casual manner in which he has established himself with every amenity of modern living from electric light to plumbing as far north as the Arctic Circle, more than a thousand miles from the nearest railway or motor road. But the average editor insists on Dangerous Dan McGrew and, so far as I have been able to discern, he does so because he believes his stay-at-home readers will scoff and charge him with prevarication if he shows them the far north through any but Hollywood eyes. As matters stand now, only the northerners growl—and there are not as many northerners as there are city dwellers south of the railroad tracks. I wonder what he will demand now in "war stuff"

and what cockeyed pictures of the soldier's life he will insist on purveying to the civilian reader?

Nowhere is news handled with greater efficiency, in the mechanical sense, than on the rim of the North American copy desk. No press employs writers as gifted as those now on the payrolls of the continent's leading newspapers and press associations. Nowhere may a press be found as jealous of its liberty. The need to recapture our mislaid love of accuracy is urgent, however, for, until that is done, North Americans will only be quickly-informed people whereas, with the facilities at our disposal, we should be the world's best-informed people.

VI

In the light of the world as we find it today, what should our attitude be to the age-old question of freedom of the press (which now includes, presumably, freedom of the radio), as the word freedom may be considered in relation to accuracy? Must we scrap that freedom in order that we may resurrect it later? I think not. As already said elsewhere, it is extremely important for the Canadian people to keep and maintain every vestige of their liberty, not to divest themselves of so much as one shred of it in their emotional haste to get along with winning a war.

Conversely, what should be the attitude of the press itself? In the answer to that question perhaps lies the solution to the entire censorship riddle. It becomes

the duty of a responsible press at this time to so conduct itself that it will not be thought necessary to impose any rigorous censorship—and I am inclined to think, from many years of friendship with the Chief Censor, Mr. Walter S. Thompson, that a press which will provide for its own internal control of news will never have cause to complain that it is being gagged by that instinctively tolerant man. Democratic institutions which are worth the name do not require the impost of restriction in time of need. They write their own rules. I have no doubt, as we settle down to the long drag-out ahead that this is what will happen. When all is said the only news which requires suppression is that which is likely to be of use to the enemy if it reaches his eyes or ears. Not much news of that sort will originate in this Dominion, but will emanate mainly from the theatres of war, reaching us principally through United States sources. It becomes the duty of the press, therefore, to sift and weigh that news and to present it to the public in as sensible a manner as the excitement of the hour makes possible. That is, in fine, the task of self-censorship.

But not even self-censorship should be carried to fantastic lengths. The writer is one of those who believe in the essential common sense of the free peoples. Whether the news is good or bad we are not the sort of people who want it hidden from us. If I lean towards stressing one factor, however, that is to hope for a sense of sobriety in preparing what is laid before

our eyes. The responsible editor will move sharply away from the lurid and not allow even the vicissitudes of competition to interfere with that determination. Let the news that is fact-news be presented concisely and with as serious a sense of responsibility as a man can muster. But do not let us have the same scare-head for a few shells dropped on a behind-the-lines railway that we use to focus attention on a major battle, simply because it is four-thirty and we must have a headline to catch the eye of the five o'clock crowd, or be "beaten" by our competitor on the street.

Beyond all this let our people be given as much fine writing concerning the colourful deeds of our troops as it may be possible to obtain. That is extremely important, in which regard I refer the reader to the work of such men as Philip Gibbs and his associates during the last World War, an excellent job of supporting public morale at home and in the field. This *must* be done when our own men are in action. Believe it or not, it will be a tremendous factor in building up our own national unity as we go along.

During the first days of war there were signs that Britain's censorship might reach new lows of stupidity in the suppression of news. Excuse may be made, it may be, on the grounds of the problems of the hour, which apparently included the job of organizing everything connected with the dissemination of news. But a serious blunder will be made this time

if the impression is conveyed to people *outside* Britain who are either sharing common cause with England and France, or who are normally sympathetic to our reasons for going to war, that Allied sources of news are not attuned to the people who want to hear and read it. How the people of Britain may feel about a tightly censored war I am not competent to say. But, North American journalism being what it is, I shudder to think what our daily newspapers and our radio newscasts will be like if their sponsors do not receive their impelling information from reliable British and French news sources. In this regard permit me to refer the reader to the newspapers of the war's first fortnight. The person who could assess from a thorough reading of his Canadian newspaper during that period what might be going on in Europe must of necessity have been clairvoyant. All that was revealed to this observer was a jumble of hastily assembled information which it was impossible to put into any reasonable shape of jigsawed pieces. The radio, if possible, was worse, and not even the C.B.C.'s attempt to muzzle the air-waves was of much avail. On the contrary it tended rather to make confusion worse confounded. I trust we are not going to be called upon to face years of befuddled, censored reporting, or I fear we shall crack under the nervous strain, or abandon all interest in radio or press in sheer self-defence.

The matter is not difficult to encompass if a serious approach is made to the realities of this catastrophe.

That approach must begin in western Europe with the realization of those in control of news dissemination that freemen have adult minds and must be treated as adults, that our interest in this war is the interest of freemen who want to know how goes our cause. All talk about the "services" being anxious to have the lid kept down is aimless, for the excellent reason that the professional soldier has no concept of what goes on in the civilian mind. We must have access to the news on the course of our fortunes.

Here in North America it becomes the self-imposed duty of the editor—in the United States every bit as much as in Canada—to bring a sense of responsibility and a sense of news-measurement to his task of getting out a daily newspaper. What we find ourselves in today is a world calamity of the greatest magnitude, and we are not as far from its vortex as some people may think. The news should be handled with this always in mind, by press and by radio. It is not a task which calls for clamped-down censorship, but for sane adjudication by a free press, equally sane adjudication by the operator of the air-channels.

Even at peril of being charged with reading the press a homily on its future behaviour I cannot close this chapter without voicing the hope that we may never embark upon any campaign of hate-mongering in the presentation of news or of editorial opinion, neither with regard to our enemies nor towards those at home who may dissent from the popular view of

our participation in this war. Such editorials as were published in Montreal on the occasion of the Gouin speech, urging application of the gag, are appalling to contemplate, for they are designed to breed race discord and conditions which might easily lead us back to a recurrence of the dark days of 1917. At all costs we must avoid that. As reasonable people, English-Canadians everywhere must accept the fact that our Norman cousins do not see world events through our eyes, nor feel the impacts of war with emotions or perceptions identical with our own. Left to themselves in making their decisions, not brought to feel that they are being harassed by the majority race, rest assured French Canada will make its contribution to this cause. But we must leave the working out of French-Canadian participation and of the French-Canadian destiny to themselves, leave their judgment of the views of Gouin and all others to their own minds and to their own press and leaders. In this, then, and in all other directions, pray God our newspaper editors may eschew all expressions of hatred, to those at home or abroad. This is not an Empire war we fight, not an English war. This is a war to re-establish freedom everywhere—and that is the resolute state of mind in which Canadians are seeking ways to serve. Let us hope the newspaper press can keep up with the parade. I doubt if radio can as a free institution, for the radio news commentator has not yet emerged from the kindergarten class.

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE BALKAN STATES OF CANADA

ALMOST three-quarters of a century has passed since a group of respectable gentlemen, carefully concealed behind lark's-nest beards, convinced the people of the northern half of North America that only by uniting its several commonwealths could that indefinable something loosely known as a National Destiny be achieved. The result is the Dominion of Canada.

Much water has gone over the dam in the interval. First we spanned the continent with steel. Then we opened the prairies to the immigrant wheat grower, set to work to build up manufactories to supply his needs and ringed them about with a tariff wall. We became the world's bread basket. Another railway-building orgy followed, then a World War. After that a depression or two, the collapse of the wheat empire, its partial resurrection, the opening of the mineral kingdom. From distant lands we felt the hammer blows of the power-politics period. Now we are engaged in war again. And so on, and so on.

Meanwhile we have not been idle in other directions. Year by year we have enlarged our freedom as

a people. We demanded and received the right to name our own plenipotentiaries, to negotiate our own treaties, finally achieved what is tantamount to complete self-government under the Statute of Westminster. As a result it is our boast that we are a completely sovereign people, hitched to the Empire only by our allegiance to a mutual monarch, who is king not of all, but of each partner-country individually. The stranger, unacquainted with our traits, would be justified, on perusing the record, in concluding that we must be a strong, united people to have come so far in so short a time. But are we? What is pointed out here is set forth in order to expedite the task of reunion. If ever we needed unity now is the time.

Let us look at the record. Judged by the constant enlargement of our autonomy, it would appear that we have been going somewhere as a nation. Yet within the nation itself, while our federal experts in government and autonomy rushed hither and yon to confer with their colleagues of the sister countries, the visible signs of this alleged union have been few and far between. The tendency, on the contrary, has been to disunion within our own borders, not to a firmer forging of our intra-mural ties. I submit that we are approaching a day when we shall have to revise the so-called Pact of Confederation, basing the changes we make on the realization that rules made in 1867 do not always fit the piping times of 1940. The alternative is to forego all hope of the national

destiny concerning which so much glib talking has been done. That way our finish would lie.

During the dark days of the last economic holocaust, when the citizen gave more than his accustomed heed to the subject of taxation, it was the practice of many to deplore the cost of maintaining ten major governments in a country containing only ten millions of people. Some went so far as to suggest that we should wash out our nine provincial administrations and bring the whole business of government under one central body. Others urged the fastening together of the Prairie Provinces on the one hand and the Maritime cantons on the other, thereby reducing the number of provincial governments by four. Numerous other suggestions emerged, each based (and rightly so) on the theory that we have too much government and ought to make haste to centralize, for economy's sake, if for no other.

All these plans are highly laudable. Several even have the earmarks of being workable and no doubt would be, but for that peculiar nebula, the public mind. Actually, however, the direction of Canadian political thinking has tended to be away from centralization and towards *decentralization*, away from the national attitude and towards the provincial. These are almost the Balkan States of Canada. I put it to you, therefore, not as a Jeremiah but simply as an interested onlooker, that the drift has been away from unity, that each provincial group (or each

group of provincial-minded politicians, at least) has sought more and more to enlarge its own autonomy, less and less to make any serious contribution to the development of Canada as a nation. There have been signs to indicate that the Fathers of Confederation may have sired a mouse, not a lion. It is even possible that the affair occurred beyond the boundaries of holy wedlock. Can our sharing of the crucible of war bring us together again?

II

It seems superfluous to point out that the principal, and at the same time the most excusable and understandable, case of provincialism on view has been seen in the Province of Quebec, where all manner of high jinks, legislative and otherwise, have been in spate for half a decade.

The Quebec problem varies with the manifestations to be seen elsewhere in Canada in that it is primarily racial in origin. It began, so far as its public visibility is concerned, with the famed "revolt" led by Paul Gouin, who is something of an idealistically inclined young man. Its second stage was the theft of Mr. Gouin's adherents by Mr. Duplessis, a much more practical-minded gentleman, and the sweeping of the province in the political sense by the combined forces of Conservatism and what is loosely termed Nationalism, a word which clearly indicates the serious attitude of French Canada to aims which, viewed in the

broader Canadian sense, are purely provincial. Thence a strange gamut has been run in the legislature.

There was, for one phenomenon, the bill which virtually outlawed the English language in the courts of Quebec, by casually remarking that as and when differences of opinion might arise as the result of apparent contradiction between English and French versions of any law, that set down in French must be regarded as official, the English version to be accepted solely as a translation. Mr. Duplessis found it necessary to recall this enactment. The outcry was too loud. Yet it was not much worse than the English-Canadian attitude to the French tongue in other parts of Canada.

Bill Number Five, which forces the "outsider" from Ontario to acquire a provincial charter when doing business in Quebec is another law aimed to satisfy the demands of the autonomy howlers. Even the Padlock Law, which is in reality a protest on Quebec's part against the federal repeal of Section 98 of the Criminal Code concerning subversive activities, may be directly attributed to the resurgence of the so-called "Nationalist" feeling. The Duplessis Government's refusal to entertain any reconsideration of the provincial-federal relationship, which resulted, *inter alia*, in the unholy mix-up concerning unemployment relief along the St. Lawrence during 1939 is still another phenomenon. So is Mr. Duplessis' blunt estimate of that relationship as one of hoped-for unity,

but not union. All these are manifestations of the current attack of racial hives which found outlet in less responsible quarters in the demand for the employment of French-Canadians in various jobs, without regard to their qualifications.

A peculiar anomaly resulting from the "Nationalism" of Gouin and l'Abbé Groulx which put the Duplessis Government in power, is that the Government itself is not nationalistic in its own mind, because it consists of a highly practical group of citizens, so much so that its few early adherents to whom racial Nationalism is virtually a religion rapidly broke away from their semi-Tory leader. Mr. Duplessis and his sidesmen have never been in any doubt as to the true state of affairs in the land of *bon tabac*. Sizeable business in Quebec is still pretty much an English-Canadian property, as is finance, and not all the caterwauling this side of Ste. Polycarpe will move it across the divide into French-Canadian hands. That is a job either for evolution or revolution to perform. The Premier has shown time and again that he realizes this every bit as clearly as the bankers do. Nevertheless the fact is constantly before him that the principal reason for his occupation of the legislative buildings on Grande Allée has been the desire of his compatriots to politically behead *les sales Anglais*. Bill Number Five, and various other enactments, plus the lurid declamations to be heard whenever occasion arises (or whenever it appears that a new ges-

ture is necessary), are actually genuflections before the altars of Nationalism, whereon the English-Canadian lion, wearing the woolly garments of an innocent lamb, has been drenched with oil and ignited as a burnt offering, pretty much as a continuous performance. The strange thing is that neither the high priests on the one hand (excepting Mr. Gouin's serious associate saints) nor the burnt-offerings on the other, ever really took the rites seriously.

The nationalistic disease possesses remarkable symptoms. Shortly after the last provincial General Election, for example, the writer attended a banquet in one of the new mining centres of Northern Quebec at which one of Mr. Duplessis' highly enthusiastic deputies-elect was a speaker. The young gentleman laid down the law in no uncertain terms to the mine owners and managements that night. If they hoped for co-operation from the new Government, he said, it would be necessary for them to realize that they are in Quebec by sufferance of the people who comprise the majority of the population. Therefore they must see to it that French-Canadians be given first call on the jobs in the mines, from mucker to manager and office-boy to chief geologist. The speech carried an overtone of what has come to be known as "or else . . ."

Such a request, of course, sounds reasonable, although the word "request" must be regarded as understatement, in view of the tone in which it has been

made time and again during the recent years. But an examination of the facts reveals circumstances into which it is difficult to introduce the idea of a French-Canadian paradise north of the St. Lawrence, unless the first step is to be to revert to ox-cart days. For example: the mineral deposits of Northern Quebec were discovered by prospectors from Ontario, because Ontario, as the possessor of a mining industry and as a mine-minded province, long ago became the jumping-off point for the gold- and copper-hunter. Once discovered, the Quebec mining fields were subjected to development through financiers resident in Toronto and New York, again because Quebecers in general and French-speaking Quebecers in particular, exhibited no interest in the high, wide and handsome speculation that is mine-making. As the mines approached the producing stage, owners took into employment muckers, drill runners, diamond drillers, and members of numerous other brackets of the skilled and unskilled labour groups, as well as engineers, geologists, mill and smelter superintendents and other technicians. Extremely few of these were French-Canadians and the reason why is relatively simple—there simply were no French-Canadians around who could qualify for the specialized tasks to be performed. French-Canadians had never gone in for mining. No mining courses were to be found in the curricula of Laval or l'Université de Montréal. Such French-speaking citizens as made their way

north in the early days of the mines were doctors, lawyers, notaries, priests, shopkeepers, farmers or casual labourers. If few French-Canadians were employed as skilled workmen underground it was because they were not educated to the requirements of mining. If they did not become shift-bosses, mill superintendents and chief geologists, the same reason applied. Those who were employed were not hired because of any language they spoke, for the north abounds in Scandinavians, Finns, Poles, Czechs and members of almost every race whose homelands are mining countries. They were not given work because of any favoured creed. They were hired as miners, and the inefficient ones were fired out of hand, as happens to inefficient workmen anywhere.

In point of fact the French-Canadian "Nationalist" was what might be called ahead of time with his belated demand for immediate occupation of the sun. He demanded the place before he had equipped himself to fill it, but he ought to have prepared himself long ago, when his English-speaking relations were doing likewise. To the point, as well, is the fact that the English-Canadian, whether capitalist or working man, has never regarded any one part of Canada as a sanctuary for any particular race group. Trade is for the taking wherever it may be found. This is the identical concept which caused the forebears of to-day's French-Canadians to settle along the St. Lawrence centuries ago. In the interval, however, some-

thing happened to slow down the colonizing instincts of the race. Harsh though it may be to say so, if we had waited for French-Canadian prospectors to discover the mines of the north, for French-Canadian capitalists to produce the development finances and for French-Canadian labourers and technicians to bring the mines to production, Western Quebec would still be barren bush and muskeg.

That is one side of the coin. On the other may be read a definite case for the present state of mind. The so-called Revolt in Quebec is directly chargeable to the unwillingness of the English-Canadian *outside* Quebec to accord Jean Baptiste rights which accrue under the Confederation agreement. It seems stupid at this late date to belabour the terms of the contract, observance of which should be automatic to every Canadian. Apparently, however, constant repetition is the only hope of bringing the arrangement home to those medieval mugwumps who fail utterly to comprehend the sheer delight of our bilingual civilization and whose mental catarrh is so completely viscous that clear thinking has become an impossibility. So let us simplify the business, if only for the benefit of those citizens whose minds require to be conducted back to the first primer stage of Canadian relationships.

First, there are two official languages in Canada, English and French, and their status is exactly fifty-fifty from Halifax to the extreme tip of Vancouver

Island. Stemming from this comes the equal right to Separate Schools everywhere between the two oceans. Basically, then, the indignation of the French-Canadians begins with the constant and concerted effort of many English-Canadians to defeat bilingualism and to prevent members of the French-Canadian race outside Quebec from enjoying the benefits of educating their children in French-language institutions, supervised by mentors of their own religious orders.

What does it matter to me if the dollar bill in my pocket is designated on its backside as Un Piastre? Why should I object if my neighbour desires that his children's education be supervised by the Catholic hierarchy and that a portion of our taxes be set aside for that lofty purpose? As for myself, I am one of those who has never been able to see the association between Church and education and who would rejoice to see the union dissolved, simply because there is no reason in it. True, it enables the lazy parent to slough off a large part of his responsibility to the child, but that is one of the few responsibilities of which I am not prepared to divest myself. True, it accomplishes the purpose of making a good pattern-citizen of the youngster, but I find few pattern-men who have ever done much for the world, unless to reproduce one's self may be adjudged a service to humanity, which is a debateable point. Nevertheless I recognize the inherent right of the French-Canadian *everywhere in the Dominion* to his enjoyment of this

method of rearing his young and it is not for me to deprive him of that right, simply because I happen to belong to a majority ethnical group.

The trouble with the English-Canadian objector, for all his pretence to a rind as tough as the hide of a steer, is that he possesses a skin as pulpy and as easily pierced as that of a sunkist navel orange. Thus, he lives in terror of puncturings of his parish-pump-pride which may be caused by French-Canadian infiltration and suffers all the jittery sensations peculiar to occupants of a dentist's waiting-room at the mere mention of popery. The Nazis have the same trouble, which is why we have suffered so much hysterical fussing and fuming about Aryan stock.

Be all this as it may, this was the beginning of the so-called French-Canadian problem. Volumes might be set down anent its innumerable nuances. But here is the cornerstone. Retaliation from Quebec was sure to come as soon as a handful of idealists and a group of practical politicians simultaneously spotted the uneven quality of two relationships; first, the eminent fairness with which the French-Canadian majority in Quebec conducted itself towards the English-Canadian minority in that province for generations and, second, the appalling unfairness of the English-Canadian majority outside Quebec towards the French-Canadian minority in those parts.

Human nature being the feckless and unreasoning institution that it is, it is only natural that French

Canada's retort discourteous should be as idiotic and fantastic as the English-Canadian attitude and that the revolt, when it came, should develop a fine flair for bigotry. At least the revolvers enjoyed the benefits of bad example. The demands for immediate occupation of the commercial sun of Quebec with running rights over the English-Canadian and without regard to such trivial items as qualifications, was an invention of the idealists and the politicians and was neither more nor less than an excellent battle cry. The beautiful theory of a French-Canadian republic, suitably titled *Laurentia*, was the origination of young race-proud (and incidentally very nice) minds. The arcandescent heilings of the piffing little Fascisti, which culminated in August, '39, in the damp-squib pogrom at Ste. Agathe, were inventions of moron and semi-maniac elements which, to any sensible man's regret, form a vocal part of every race group everywhere. But all these things are results. The causes lie in the original English-Canadian attitude towards people who, when all is said, are fellow-Canadians. The repair job will have to originate with the same English-Canadians who reside outside Quebec, and it is going to be an onerous and highly tricky task to perform.

The major fault to be found with the French-Canadian separatist, or semi-separatist, movement is that it is not feasible. Once that point is made it is hardly necessary to explore the matter further. A so-called

"national" barrier established just west of the Ottawa would soon become a wailing wall. Capital would withdraw from the paradise. The attempt to erect a customs fence would result in the destruction of comfortable living and French Canada would quickly begin a funeral march towards the days of the *caleche* chanting the *Libera* of a people's aspirations.

Nor is the ranting of the rabid place-in-the-sun brigade constructive of itself alone. While the Quebec-for-the-*Canadien* gospel-shouters have been flinging their well-rounded phrases into the teeth of the English, however, their more conservative-minded brethren have been bestirring themselves to provide a means to that desirable end. For the English-speaking business-owner of the province let it be said that he has come to the realization, even if belatedly, that he must help resolve the problem, with the result that French-Canadian employment in English-owned firms has been increasing. French-language schools and universities recognizing that the basic error lies with a system of education which has ground out a million notaries, doctors, lawyers and priests, but extremely few good horse traders and practically no professional men equipped for the greatest of all Canadian jobs, the development of our natural resources, is beginning at last to lay out courses designed to equip the sons of French Canada to take their place in the world of commerce and nation building. The day is not far off when the French-Canadian will be in the

market for almost any job currently held by an English-speaking subject—with one exception, which, unfortunately, is the greatest of all jobs in a young country, that of taking the long-shot chance with the country itself. I venture to think that the root of the problem may lie there, in the fact that the French-Canadian is no gambler, no great chance taker. He makes a splendid employee, but is by nature a fellow who prefers to leave the risks to others. Contented with less than his English cousin, he is a glutton for certainty. That is not necessarily a bad trait in a man. But, so long as it remains, it will preclude the French-Canadian from developing Quebec for himself. This is a point which Gouin and Groulx apparently did not take into consideration when they went on the rampage together.

The road ahead in English-French relations in Canada would not be heartening to contemplate if it were not for the essential logic of the French-Canadian mind in a pinch. Racial fire has been in full flame in the French-Canadian breast for a long time. It may not be general at the top of the social superstructure, but it penetrates through the shop-keeping and artisan classes to the *habitant* on the land. The doctrine is preached to children in the schools, with the result that a new generation of Nationalists is rapidly approaching maturity, many of them without an English vocabulary, because the insistence on the native tongue and no other has rapidly taken hold.

Civic governments display definite anti-English sentiments. Petty officials in the courts and other services are addicts of the new and exciting marijuana. No use to protest. No use to lecture. A majority of Quebec's population is in no mood for sensible discussion, or even for thought, because racial sovereignty is being drummed into them no matter where they go. For the time being they thrive on it. But the genius of the race for logical thinking about money in the end will provide the prescription for a cure.

The obvious destination of such discussion at this time is the question: What bearing will what is immediately past have on our unity in war as a bi-racial nation? The answer is two-fold and, to an English-Quebecker who has lived almost all his days amongst these grand people, is simple, provided the English-Canadian outside Quebec (and a few within the province's boundaries) can support a patient and sympathetic state of mind in themselves. This is the dual answer:

First, leave solution of all problems concerning National Service during the war period, as these problems affect French-Canadians, to the French-Canadians. They are perfectly capable of coping with them. They understand their own people's point of view and their temperament. The English-Canadian does not. What is perhaps more to the point is that the French-Canadian in Quebec does not attempt to write rules of behaviour for the English-Canadian

outside Quebec, nor to tell, say, Ontario what it ought to do.

The second point sums up in the phrase: Hands off the conscription question. French Canada believes it was the victim of a piece of political gerrymandering in 1917. I say what happened was in part politics and in part sheer English-Canadian stupidity, on which point I refer the reader to the *Memoirs* of the late Sir Robert Borden, who obviously did not comprehend what was afoot, but believed the reason the Laurier Liberals would not go along with him on the Act was because Sir Wilfrid was an old and tired man, afraid to take any political chances, a view which had nothing remotely to do with what was afoot, but which has nevertheless been given utterance as the serious estimate of the then Prime Minister of Canada. Possibly the people who inveigh against the French-Canadian point of view have never delved into the record of French Canada in the last war. As an old soldier permit me to say that it was an excellent contribution and that Jean Baptiste was a glorious soldier. Possibly those who howl for conscription today have not paused to realize that French-Canadian enlistment in Montreal *directed by French-Canadian officers* was highly successful in the early weeks of this war (1939) in which regard I am credibly informed that early in September it was running ahead of English enlistment numerically. If we leave direction of French-Canadian affairs, in-

cluding recruiting and all National Service, to French-Canadian direction, our friends beyond Quebec may be agreeably surprised, if only they will refrain from what is vulgarly known as "popping off" in their emotional excitement to get things done in a hurry. Neglect to maintain this attitude may easily result in the creation of a new house-divided, perhaps permanently. (If it is pointed out that this attitude is completely out of line with the writer's own views concerning the Padlock Law, permit me to reply that the writer is himself a Quebecker and, therefore, a potential victim of that law—a critic of affairs in his own house. Under no condition would I suggest that the cure for that local ailment would be the instigation of a pogrom from Ontario. I venture to believe that is why Mr. King has never interfered).

The task will call for infinite patience, for friendly advances will be viewed askance in the beginning by a people who believe they have been unfairly treated, as they have. The details of what must be done are too many to enumerate, but they comprise practically every step which comes under the heading of common honesty and common sense in human contact. Given time the wounds may heal. Meanwhile much can be done about the basic concepts of national unity in Canada, to reunite the two races in common cause as Canadians at a time of national crisis—and to continue the work of reunion after the crisis is past. Here, then, lies the major internal problem which confronts

us today. The movement to restore *bonne entente* must begin at a point several hundred miles to the west of Montreal and it must originate simultaneously in the heads and hearts of English-Canadians.

III

What of the cause of unity between English-Canadian and English-Canadian separated by our inter-provincial hair-lines? In all truth we have not been pulling too well and the harness of nationhood bites deep into our shoulders, causing sores which are stubborn to the ointments of the witch doctors of statecraft. Looking from left to right across the map, British Columbia asserts the view that she has been separated as to bed and board from the rest of us and some of her leading Calamity Janes have argued that separation should be turned into divorce, presumably to free the discontented spouse in case an attractive new union turns up. The wheat provinces have suffered grievous times and are inclined to believe that the eastern moneybags have not been too Christian in such charity as they have extended. In Ontario the ubiquitous Hepburn has talked of "ganging up" on the west. Quebec tended to flirt with its neighbour province, but almost before a buss had been exchanged memories of rampant Protestantism came back to mind and made even an affair out of the question. Looking east again, it is agreed that the Maritime Provinces have suffered as a result of their participa-

tion in the Confederation, but no one seemed inclined to take steps to rectify the short changing, with the result that talk of secession and isolation continued to reach the so-called Upper Provinces. Amongst the vocal groups throughout the country we have been overstocked with prairie-righters, central-righters, maritime-righters. Only seldom has anyone been making a public appearance to declare himself a Canadian and nothing else.

Possibly this has merely been democracy at work, but I confess I have not been enamoured by what was seen through the kaleidoscope until the sharp impact of war revealed that we have a common cause. If that is the only hope we are better as we were. But why cannot Canadians, who, when all is said, occupy one of the richest terrains deeded to man, work together for their mutual good in peace? Surely it is appalling to contemplate the suggestion that only in adversity can we be on speaking terms with each other. That is a point on which it might be well to meditate while the tides of hell are in flood.

Conflict between race and race, between section and section, has been largely translated into terms of the struggle over provincial rights, as opposed to those of the central authority. As matters stand these so-called rights have provided the cockpit in which talons of French and English, Maritimer and Quebecker, Ontario industrialist and Prairie man were bared. As we were going every provincial righter in the land

vowed he would never budge an inch in his Pass of Thermopylae, that Ottawa would acquire new powers only over his dead body. Thus such matters as unemployment, public health and other key problems, most of which did not exist when Confederation was established, were left to lie in the Pending file, the while we bickered concerning the proper place of settlement. Certainly no immediate hope may be seen that the provinces will convey the right to take on the new functions essential to settlement to the federal authority, for fear of the precedents to be established. It is doubtful if they would do so even to win a war, unless it might be in the final extremity.

I have been deeply interested in the proposals recently set forth in Toronto *Saturday Night* on this subject by H. E. Crowle, who suggests that, inasmuch as it is impossible to persuade certain provincial-righters to concede so much as a new semicolon to Ottawa, the whole question of these rights be laid aside. Instead, Mr. Crowle says, we should open the door to new concurrent powers, in which a province may reach out towards its own solution if Ottawa is not willing to tackle a given problem deemed to be within the present federal field, or, inversely, Ottawa may take over what otherwise might be deemed to be provincial occupations. Additionally, under such a plan, the possibility of Ottawa and, say, Quebec or Toronto, working conjointly towards a solution bene-

ficial to both and to the people as a whole is in view. In certain directions concurrent powers already are at work, notably in the realm of agriculture. I see no reason why an immediate extension of this practice cannot be undertaken. All that is needed to make it possible is a change of approach on the part of the balkers which would remove from their minds the negative belief that, to do their jobs properly, they must always be working *against* something or somebody, and lead them to the realization that most of the constructive work in our world is done by people who are working *for* a given purpose. At least such an approach to the difficulty provides an avenue of movement around the brick wall. Therefore it is worth thinking about, if only as a means to the end of an united national war effort. But will the recalcitrant provinces accept it, or anything less than their own way?

Canada urgently requires a new credo, which will recognize all Canadians as equal, everywhere in Canada, no matter what tongues they speak or what occupations they follow. The difficulties of the immediate impasse are not insuperable. The urgent need is for common sense and a spirit of tolerance, which involves, too, a genius for compromise essential in any free society. Without unity Canada can only disintegrate, during, or after this war. The logical, if not certain, outcome of Balkanization is

economic and probably political absorption by our neighbours on a piecemeal basis, surely no destination worth the consideration of a people who have spent half a century negotiating themselves towards a state of nationhood.

CHAPTER NINE

A FOOTNOTE TO OUR ENGLISH-CANADIAN MENTALITY

PEOPLE who write, talk to service club lunches, preach sermons and pour verbiage into microphones have been so busy of late trying to interpret the French-Canadian mind to their English-speaking compatriots that they have overlooked almost entirely what the French must be thinking about us. Come to think of it the thought is intriguing. What, then, is this hyphenated fellow the English-Canadian like, this English-Canadian who is also a Scotch-Canadian, Irish-Canadian, Ukrainian-Canadian, Jewish-Canadian, Danish-, Italo-, ~~German-~~ and Lord-knows-what-else-Canadian?

If he has been here long enough to forget that either he or his father emigrated from another place, and if that place happens to have been somewhere in the British Isles, he is part English, part American in his outlook and his folk ways. Most of the time he is unconscious in the political sense, having no interest in how he is ruled. When it has been brought to his attention that it costs him too much to be governed, or that skullduggery has been going on in

full public view while he has been thinking of other matters, he simply blames his present governors, swops horses and plunges into the creek. The new incumbents then proceed along lines exactly similar to those followed by the departed and the English-speaking electorate goes back to the cultivation of weeds in the garden of Babbitry. This complete unawareness of matters political is perhaps the greatest difference between English-Canadians and their politically active French-Canadian compatriots.

The English-Canadian, moreover, is what may truthfully be called "set in his ways". He likes to think of himself as a solid fellow, and when daylight penetrates his stolidity the discovery is made that nothing frightens him so much as change. He is a Life Member of the Ancient and Very Honourable Order of Things As They Are. He is much more the herd animal than is his French-Canadian neighbour, despite Quebec's Nationalism, and the best way, or the only way, to win his support for a new ideology is to ballyhoo the movement as one in which all "respectable" people are interested. Newfangled pets, like Mr. Stevens' discarded didy-doll and Mr. Herridge's unfettered puppy, leave all but a few of him cold. Yet since the Conservative sages welcomed Heavenly Harry back to the fold, English-Canadians of the Tory faith regard him as a favourite son. No doubt they will be doing likewise for the New Democracy's rootin', tootin', two-gun Herridge, the Lone

Ranger of the Verbose, as soon as we return to critical politics, come Michaelmas.

The English-Canadian worships at the shrine of Material Success. Occasionally we abandon our in-born stodginess to go on a brief spree of idealism, but are overcome with remorse when the hangover sets in, particularly if we have paid for the binge with our own money.

Our belief in things material leads us to genuflect vigorously before the altars of the solvent. Thus a millionaire is of necessity a first-class citizen; otherwise he would not be the owner of a million dollars. If we turn away from these gods on occasion—as many of us did in the dark days of the recent depression—we make haste to return to our old fealties as soon as we have a dollar in the till again. Call it a thumb-nail sketch of a middle-aged English-Canadian, myself perhaps, as most of us have been these last few years, as some of us still seem to be, to judge by some of the weird sounds I hear nowadays.

The inability of English Canada to comprehend French Canada is simply the inability of a stolid person to understand an emotional, sensitive one. Not understanding, our inclination is to dismiss the phenomenon as too frothy to engage our serious attention. In other words we are not only set in *our* ways, but are too lazy-minded to be bothered thinking about anyone else's. Only in the realm of the dollar and the scramble for its possession do we manifest any-

thing resembling continued drive. In fine, we are a race of tradesmen and shopkeepers, even when we march between plough handles, and are capable of measuring men and events only with the shopkeeper's yardstick. I do not suggest that this is a disgraceful circumstance, but merely point to it as a fact.

Most English-Canadians would like to understand what is loosely labelled the French-Canadian problem, but cannot, simply because they cannot muster the patience to examine the French-Canadian temperament and seriously reflect upon it. To the English-Canadian mind it seems infinitely silly to be wasting time on such ephemeral items which might be spent in the pursuit of the elusive greenback. This state of mind leads us to believe that our cousins can't keep their feet on the ground, an act which, to us, is the essence of the good life. So we must be forever telling our compatriots how best they may live that good life in Canada, how best they can serve the State. Thank Heaven they are not forever doing the same to and for us, else this country would be a madhouse.

All such matters apart, I believe that a serious desire to give French Canada a square deal dwells in the English-Canadian mind, tintured with the impatient wishful thought that the Quebeckers ought to be reasonable fellows and see things our way, because we are always so obviously right. True, we growl about the piffle of all this agitating that goes on, but

a growing interest in Quebec's views may be seen outside Quebec, coupled with the admission that it is just possible that a case exists which it would be well for us to examine. The number of people who snarl about bilingualism and the school question, about the racial characteristics and the *mores* of the neighbours, is decreasing, unless I am no reader of signs. Under such circumstances, which for many years found our Ontario brethren ready and willing to march at the drop of an expletive to save us from what they regarded as the infamies of Rome, it was extremely difficult for a Belleville, Bowmanville or Brantford Anglo-Canadian to comprehend what all the noise was about when the Nationalists began to holler for a good dosing of the "perunas" of rehabilitation. The puzzlement continues, principally between the Ottawa River and the head of the lakes.

Basically, English-Canadians are not unreasonable fellows. Once the knowledge filters into the muscle-bound crannies of our minds that certain things are essential to the renaissance of comity, we shall be cheerful givers, likely to be infinitely generous because the giving has been too long delayed and we shall want to make amends for what may seem to have been churlish behaviour. Bigotry is still not unknown amongst us, however, and bigotry marches in the van in such campaigns, simply because the bigots are always organized to set up a first-rate clack. That has been the principal feature of the French-English

debate up to now, for each side possesses bigots in abundance. Still if our French-Canadian friends will only be patient, signs can be seen in the sky which indicate that we may be able to reach a lasting *bonne entente* for, on the whole, the English-Canadian isn't a bad fellow, provided he can be convinced that he isn't being pushed around and provided he can learn to mind his own racial business.

The difficult pill for English Canada to swallow has always been bilingualism, for every other problem, including that of separate schools, stems directly from this. That the pill has to be swallowed at all is itself a tribute to our racial stupidity, for obviously every citizen of Canada who has passed through the school system of any province should be equally fluent in either tongue. Yet when Mr. W. E. G. Murray remarked in 1937 that it is the aim of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation to assist in making Canada completely bilingual, the flood of indignation which cascaded over the gentleman's ears was almost deep enough to float him back to London, as I am told it almost did. Even the good Lord Bennett added his protest to the tribal shout and the country at large was subjected to a torrent of words from otherwise sensible citizens, the whole to the general effect that the sooner we dispose of this dual-language folly the better, this being a British country, Sir, make no mistake about it! And so on and so on and so on, *ad nauseam*! This is not a British country in the Rule

Britannia sense of the term. This is a North American country which supports affiliation with Britain of its own free will, but is completely self-determining in its own house and out of doors. It is not a one-language country—and it is not likely to become one if it remains a country. But there is no valid reason why bilingual Canada cannot be as contented a place as trilingual Switzerland.

By the same token our French-Canadian brethren have not been as bright as they might be, as witness the fulminations of the speakers before the last French Language Congress in Quebec, most of whom devoted their rhetorical energies to lecturing the French-Canadian on how to speak his own language. It seems to me that the candidates for conversion are over here on my side of the fence and that the missionary work that needs to be done is in the English-language schools.

In pondering the matter I have been thinking back to distant days, prior to my emergence from the ancient brick building which stood on the site now occupied by Montreal's Mount Royal Hotel. Certainly we were taught something called French in the old Montreal High School: that is to say, the insides of a grammar were put through the master's meat grinder and jammed into our unwilling interiors in the form of a hamburger composed of irregular verbs and other linguistic oddities, the master's own mode of pronunciation being at variance with that of an

American radio announcer only by virtue of an interesting burr, the effects of a youth misspent in Aberdeen. All this we accepted as French, until a day came when we were placed in the embarrassing position of having to try the "foreign" tongue on a street-car conductor, when we discovered to our amazement that it wouldn't work, apparently because the conductor couldn't speak his own language. In fine, so far as any normal French-Canadian auditor was concerned, the words we offered might have been Low Dutch or Archipelago Greek.

On listening to the sound effects produced by my juniors nowadays I discover that scholastic customs remain unchanged. Our schools are not teaching the young English-Canadian a language spoken in these parts. I submit that the first duty of an English school anywhere in Canada should be to teach its pupils to speak the sort of French used in the daily conversation of the people who live here. Conversely it is the obvious function of the other fellows' schools to produce graduates well versed in English and, in common fairness, I am constrained to remark that the gentlemen on the other side have always made a much better fist of the job than we do, even though their sense of annoyance with the English has led a few of them to discard our language and concentrate entirely on their own. It is hard to blame them, for that is what we have been doing since the first Little Englander landed on these shores. The fact remains

that we Englishers would be infinitely more tolerant of French-Canadian opinion if we had been brought up to regard the two languages as interchangeable, if we had only been properly instructed in the fine art of upbraiding a Montreal taxi driver in the words to which his ears are accustomed—and some of them are such swell words!

All this may seem to have carried the discussion far afield from the question of the English-Canadian mentality and its effect on Anglo-French relationships in Canada. Not so. This strange attitude towards the French-Canadian language (not the French language; the Canadian product is a language in its own right and should be taught as such), which produces graduates with vocabularies comparable to that of the tourist with a phrase book in his pocket, is the strongest testimony which can be produced in support of a charge of wrong-headedness. As soon as English-speaking Canada realizes that it is simply being asked to familiarize itself with a Canadian language which enjoys equal footing with its own vehicle of speech we shall be well on the road to concord. Funny the educators never thought of it! What a help that state of mind would be today!

CHAPTER TEN

TESTAMENT OF YOUTH

THE first political party to come forward with a programme which will provide the young people of Canada with a definite vision of life instead of a dipper full of crocodile tears is extremely likely to be invited to form a cabinet soon after the votes are counted. Here is a statement which stands in days of war as in times of peace.

The very words "definite vision of life" are indicative of the low state into which our elderly thinking has sunk. It is what may be tersely described as a duck-phrase, the sort of terminological *cul de sac* into which we all dodge when pursued by the facts of life, hoping that reality will go racing past, leaving us safe from alarums, at least for a minute or two. I imagine the young people of Canada have a definite vision of life now, and I doubt if it has been a very pleasant one for many of them. What they have wanted is something to do, little enough for a human being to ask, in all conscience. If somebody will come along and provide an answer to that problem he can be Prime Minister of Canada a matter of seven weeks after the dissolution of Parliament. All we have to

offer at the moment is the opportunity to enlist and be destroyed (an opportunity which may be of excellent report to fire-breathing editors who remain at the home front, but which offers no permanent solution to an honest youngster who likes to believe in rationalizing his life).

Ancients and the middle-aged have been prattling about the Youth problem ever since the end of the last World War called a halt to the simplest way known of employing a nation's young men, which is to encase them in uniforms, teach them the fine art of thrusting cold steel into the entrails of the youth of other lands—"with a quick twist before you pull it out again, me lads!"—and pack them off to kill and be killed. Currently, of course, we are preparing for immersion in the next blood bath, so that many of our young men already have been employed to fight a war which is almost too appalling to contemplate, but in which we are now engaged, young and middle-aged alike, in the hope of making a world fit to live in. That applies to the young much more than to the rest of us. Anyway, enough of them may be killed to take up the unemployment slack until another generation reaches manhood. I hope you find the prospect pleasing. But after that, what shall we offer the survivors?

What has prevented an earlier solution of the problem, according to those who have done little or nothing about it during the past decade, is that we

could not afford the money which any great national programme for putting youth to work would necessitate. Quite true? As a matter of fact, judged by the state of the national bank balance, only one course has been open to any Canadian at this juncture in our history. That was to lie abed until he bloated of starvation and finally died, for the good reason (or what seems to have been good reason to our calamity howlers) that we are all broke. Obviously, then, we must not involve ourselves in any spending programme, even though salvation may lie that way, or the slough of despond in the other direction. Then came war. There is always money for war. But what about money for peace? What about money for training in war-time the sons and daughters who will be the men and women of peace, after the war is won?

I am loathsomely sick of the virtue-soaked elders of this fair domain who inundate with hosannas any Government which may be ready and willing to go into the red to the tune of a million a day for almost any fantastic project, militaristic or otherwise, but who think money spent on young Canada in time of peace is money wasted, excepting what we spend on the formalities of education. Is it possible that the tremendous fillip which modern war gives to industry, and therefore to the corporate balance sheet, has anything to do with it? I can think of no other reason. I do not suggest that we

should not be fighting in this war. But I am wondering why we did not "fight" the last peace and what we shall do about the next one.

Many of these selfsame elders, you may have noted, have been wracked with sobs for years because the railways have been costing us money. Our destination, they have told us between their gulps of anguish, was national bankruptcy. Yet when the announcement was forthcoming months ago that we were to refurbish the militia, establish an air force and fortify the coasts, tears were dried on the instant. Here, forsooth, was action! The Government at long last had come to see that millions spent on warlike posturings would be a very good thing! I am not arguing against the idea of making Canada safe for Canadians in time of peace. That is not the point at issue. But I *am* pointing out that if the rails were bankrupting us, then obviously we shouldn't have been spending anything on armament, for that is exactly like saying that a man who can't afford a grey flannel suit can afford a blue serge one at the same price. In fact it is worse, in that the outlay we are making for transportation is at least money spent for the maintenance of our national life-line, whereas money expended for arms and forts is productive of nothing. Many readers will not approve such reasoning and will point to war's arrival as proof that we should have been arming sooner.

Perhaps. The fact remains that arms-money is negative money, just as a military career is a negative career, even when circumstances force such a career on a man.

This one thing I know: if preparation for war is worth spending millions of dollars on, then the pursuits of peace are worth a thousand times as much. And the only difference between spending money with which to provide for the demise of another Canadian generation and spending money to provide for that generation to live, is that debts incurred from the former will consist largely of monies given to corporate enterprises and their shareholders, whereas monies spent for the rehabilitation of youth might not be.

Where does the difference lie? It lies in the fact that in finding an immediate way to the employment of the young Canadian who has been unable to place himself in industry, we should probably have had to produce schemes which cannot liquidate themselves in our time. That has been the rub, so far as the Jeremiahs are concerned. The bill comes now, in the shape of increased taxes on monies which would *not* go into the pockets of the same gentlemen who waxed fat on the last war, or their heirs and assigns. The benefits, other than the primary benefit of saving a generation (if that is of any importance to us) would not accrue to those now living, nor to any corporation, but to the nation and in the future. Now you know why the

Die-Hards didn't want to spend any money on Youth in the days immediately before War. They will say it isn't necessary now.

II

What programme can be launched with a view to employing the youth of the country in a manner designed to create national assets and at the same time endow young Canadians with a good way of life, on a basis governed by the theory that the labourer is worthy of his hire? The answer lies in the realm of preservation and development of our natural resources. I would train the 'teen-age boys now to this end. Let older men as far as they may bear the brunt of war.

For many years the forests of our country have been hewn for lumber and to feed the machines of the paper-maker. Other vast areas have been burned over and the national assets which stood on them destroyed. Those assets can only be brought back by intelligent reforestation. In this alone lies enough work to take up the entire youth-unemployment slack, while recreating a national asset which we continue to destroy.

It would not even be necessary to send armies of young men hundreds of miles away from their homes, at least not at first. Almost every section of the country stands urgently in need of the servicing of its woodlands, or what once were woodlands. In my own home county the mountains have been stripped of

their commercial timber and two corporations which work in wood, each situated within twelve miles of my door, are forced to go distances in excess of one hundred miles to find new limits.

In the realm of the minerals similar work might be undertaken, for admittedly the surface of the Dominion has not yet been scratched by the prospector's pick. Can we not train intelligent youngsters for the life of the bush and, through them, in association with trail-hardened veterans of the north, enlarge the search for new mines? Would it have been folly to engage in early-stage development of what they might have found, had we worked towards that goal, not necessarily as a direct Government venture, but through one of the many forms of "encouragement" available to Governments in these piping times? Certainly there is ample precedent.

Will anyone say that nothing can be done for the youth of the country in the medium of agriculture? We hear the oft-repeated statement, of course, that we are suffering a glut of production in our fields and so incline to say that too many people are living on the farm and are producing too much. That is not so, even though it is true that almost 300,000 agricultural workers were on relief in the spring of 1939. We have lacked an intelligent approach to the problem of the agriculturist and it is a problem we must solve before "the boys come home" because here lies the spinal column of Canadian life. Glut or no

glut, the average farmer is at least an individualist who produces his own family's livelihood. Can the city dweller do as much for himself in hard times? Leaving aside for the moment the question of the wheat crop, which is not a farm crop as the word "farm" is generally understood, but a factory crop, a machine-age crop, the general farming of the country has been seriously neglected and has been permitted to become one of our most inefficient industries, though still our greatest. Little attempt has been made to organize our agriculture so that the individual farmer will produce the output best suited to his own land on the one hand, or to his immediate market on the other. In my own part of the country, for example, the battle over butter has raged unabated these several years and the only solution as yet offered by anyone I have heard on the hustings has been the suggestion to bar the butter of New Zealand from these shores and bonus the local producer for the output of his churn or factory. No attempt, or none of which I know, was ever made to ascertain if we should be producing butter at all, or if our energies should be directed elsewhere, to the production of other things to which our region may be better suited and for which a readier and profitable market might be established. Now, of course, we shall probably face a shortage of butter for the "duration", with premium-prices. But what about after the war? Another slump? Another era of unplanned peace?

What has this to do with youth? A great deal, if we pause to consider the fact that the youth of rural Canada has been deserting the land, whence it repairs to the cities to join the ranks of the unskilled unemployed, or the underpaid employed and soon begins to swell the chorus of the malcontent. Basically the blame for this lies with our system of education which, in what must continue to be an agrarian land for many generations to come, offers the pupil of the secondary schools virtually no training for a rural future, but merely continues to pour into his ears a stream of information and so-called knowledge which fills him with a longing to get away from the country and into the town, where he imagines himself cast in the mould of a great industrial magnate or financier.

My estimate of the matter is that the primary function of the rural high school is to train the pupil for a useful life on the land, as farmer or as farmer's wife. A way must be found to instil into the minds of rural youth that to stay with the land is to stay with the most satisfying pursuit open to any Canadian, to show him that the life of the citizen in the lower income brackets in the cities is not one to provide the satisfactions of independence open to the man who lives on the farm. This must be done, of course, by inference, which is precisely the method used by the schools in leading the endless stream of the young into our overcrowded cities, where most of them achieve the ignominious life of the back streets in

dreary industrial suburbs or become unemployed transients, living the life of the jungle, moving about from place to place, without home, without friendship, without any of the things which give life any value. Is it any wonder that some turned to crime? Is it any wonder that many of them are now unemployables, unfit even for military service? Not all these are former rural youngsters, by any means, for urban industry is not much better in its treatment of its own. The point is that our whole economy has gone off balance and the results to be seen in the case of youth have been pitiful to behold.

I cannot speak for the schools of other provinces, but I can assure the reader that the English-Protestant rural high schools of Quebec have been the most sadly neglected institutions in our country, that in them no attempt at modern education is made and certainly no recognition is given to the hypothesis that it is important to inculcate in the youth of the country a love of the land. In point of fact the English-Protestant school system of Quebec consists of the schools of Montreal, in which attempts at modernization are now being made. To these schools accrues the great part of the money available for public instruction and firmly imbedded in the minds of those charged with direction is the opinion that their schools constitute the only important wing of the system. Meanwhile the rural schools limp along as best they may, principally in ancient, unhealthy buildings in which un-

derpaid teachers are charged with four or five times the work consigned to their aristocratic brethren of the big town. No attempt of any sort is visible which will in any way encourage the growing boy and girl to devote their lives to what remains the greatest of all Canadian jobs, the tilling of the soil.

To the charge that farm life is at best a dreary business, may I suggest that if this is so it is because nothing has been done in Canada, other than by throwing the occasional sop to the prairie wheat grower, to make it otherwise? To many of its present practitioners it *is* a dreary business, no doubt, but the fault for that lies in exactly what has been said before, that the farmer himself has not been taught to make it anything else. A clear-cut rural education policy, completely divorced from urban education in its guiding principles and based on recognition of the incontrovertible fact that this is an agrarian country and will so remain for many years to come, would go far towards solving the problem of what we are to do with Canadian youth in the future, by making the life of the country attractive to its own children. A great part of the blame for the present youth problem, then, must be laid at the door of the educator, to whom the irregularities of life of the Latin verb are still of greater importance than a knowledge of how to sweeten sour soil. Persuade the rural boy and girl to stay on the land and a great part of the youth problem of the future will be solved.

So, too, with urban education. All Canadian education must be remodelled and geared to Canadian life, to provide Canadians emerging from the school system of any province with equipment which will fit him for a useful Canadian life. Coupled with this must be a scholarship system to provide for the better education of those who show marked quality. That is for Canada's sake every bit as much as it is for the individual's.

III

It is too late now, of course, to adjust the problems of today's young men and women in their twenties through the school system. The damage has been done. We have discovered too late that a country of Canada's magnitude containing only a few millions of people and depending for its prosperity on the development and fabrication of natural resources cannot support itself by establishing more than half its population in a few great cities. At the present time the education system is siphoning thousands of young men and women annually into this urban society, in which they arrive as potential wage-earners only to discover, too late, that no permanent way of dignified living is open to them. They may join the army. They may go to work in the war industries. But what about after the war?

The youth of school age today must be so trained that the Canadian peace time economy can absorb him when his education is completed. In other words

education itself must be redesigned, in order that those who pass through the machine will emerge on the far side equipped to perform the tasks to be done in a peaceful Canada. Under our way of life, of course, the pupil cannot be regimented into a pre-designed slot in the economic system. Thank God! What is done must be done by inference and suggestion. But the fact remains that education and the economic system must be fastened together and right early. Otherwise we are in for a mess before long in this half of North America. Today's static education system will not provide the answer. I doubt if today's run-of-mine educators will, either. They seem to be completely lacking in ideas and to have let slip the opportunity to render a tremendous service to the State, because of an inherent belief that whatever lies between the covers of today's textbooks is so, else obviously it would not be there.

As to the employment of today's young men and women, I have no doubt that the Die-Hard mind will feel that enough is being done if we funnel them into the war machine. But it is not enough to give our youth a mere pittance and tell them to be grateful for the fact that they are not dying of starvation and that they now have a chance to save the world. The question is: save it for what? Responsibility (not for war, but for our way of living when we are at peace) lies with generations who came before, who lacked the intelligence to keep the country's economic system in

balance. Much of our youth must be turned into the war job, I admit, (although I pray we may not fling the flower of our 'teen-age lads into this appalling crucible) but there is urgent need to plan now for what youth will do after the war, and to so design the education system that those who will be educated during the war may look forward to a good life when peace returns. In fine, we must plan the Canada of tomorrow.

It is all a question of approach. If we can afford to funnel millions upon millions into negative expenditures for armaments, then we can afford to devote at least as many millions to the asset which is our youth. If we are in a position to face the luxury of another war (and nobody has raised the point that we can't afford to fight), then we can find the money to finance the education of Canadian youth. I have no greater liking for debt and taxes than has the average man, but I note that those who have damned our deficits are quite willing to see us go into debt as deep as we can for warlike activity and for another military campaign abroad. We must spend for war. At the same time expenditure on the rehabilitation and education of youth, through channels which will be physically as well as spiritually profitable to the Canada of the future, is equally possible.

Youth nowadays does not think much of its elders. To them we are a miserable coterie of oldsters who have done nothing but muff the ball since first we took

over control of the game from our fathers, themselves poor fielders. Youth's tendency, under the circumstances, is not merely to criticize its elders but to claim for itself the essence of most of the virtue and intelligence on view. In that youth is as wrong as its elders have been, for I do not go along with the view that the brains of the world is a monopoly belonging to today's adolescents, simply because the oldsters at the helm have not been too bright. The performance of the elderly has not been one designed to win high praise, but this is no evidence to establish that youth has been invested with a brain-power monopoly. Probably they won't be much improvement on us, in the long run. Youth still needs the seasoning which only experience can give it. It still remains to the elders to see that the opportunity to acquire that experience is given.

This is a Dominion-wide task. Therefore it becomes a duty of the Dominion Government, in which direction difficulties may be foreseen, partly because education remains a function of the provinces, partly because the guidance of youth is still not regarded as a grave national problem. Our constitution is an interesting document, designed for the traffic of 1867, but still on the road in 1939, wheezing along as best it may. Whether the provincial obstructionists will put stumbling-blocks in Ottawa's way as, when and if an attempt is made to attack the problem as a federal one, I cannot tell you. But if I were a provincial

political leader, I would take cognizance of the decline of the marriage rate amongst the young people of Canada during recent years and the one hundred per cent. jump in illegitimate births. Pleasant phenomena these for a provincialist to ponder. A little serious thinking, based upon the evidence of what has been happening to Canadian youth, and I am not so sure that so much time would be spent in fretting about the provincial rights involved. The needs of common humanity transcend the copy-book maxims set forth in the B.N.A. Act, an instrument which was designed to serve the people of this half-continent, not to bind and shackle them and impede their progress.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

DOLERS AND DOLLARS

THERE is a verse in Saint Peter which reads: "Honour all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the king." This terse admonition, love the brotherhood, transcends almost any command to reach these pallid eyes in many a month of Sundays. Couple it to what is still known as the Golden Rule and you have a design for living which tops all laws of thought and behaviour concocted down the years by man's governors. Join these and you have a credo which is the essence of the good life. No man may love the brotherhood and spend his days in intolerance, nor in thinking of ways to make living an inconvenient business for those who do not believe as he does, or who lack the opportunities for dignified living which are his. A little more brotherly love, cutting all ways between all classes, and this would be a more pleasant land to live in. In loving the brotherhood the individual must accept responsibility for the other fellow's circumstances of life and see to it that they are not permitted to become intolerable, else brotherhood disappears—and so may this way of life we all profess to hold so dear.

Rapidly Canadians seem to have been coming to a stage in their domestic relationships in which two groups are ranged sharply against each other, the Haves and the Have Nots, the Employed and the Unemployed, the Solvent and the Broke. And, of these, the Haves have droned the sing-song that something must be wrong with the fellow who has no job, and that he ought to be told to get to work if he wants to eat. I entirely agree. So do most of the unemployed. But the question arises: where is the reliefer to find work? And my answer to that is that if private enterprise cannot provide it the State must do so and pass the bill along to the citizen who still has a little money, or chalk it in red on the national ledger for future generations to pay. The problem remains, despite the view expressed by many people that "one good thing about the War is that it will probably end unemployment." What a horrible thought! War will to some extent mitigate the circumstances, no doubt, but it will not remove the tumour. And when war ends, shell-making ceases and soldiers become civilians again, the problem will be more stupendous than ever unless we prepare for it now.

For years the State has been paying men to be idle. The business had sunk into such a wretched state of stagnation that we no longer considered unemployment itself as the problem, but frittered away our time debating whose responsibility its relief should be. Meanwhile two highly undesirable conditions had

come into being; the moral fibre of the unemployed had been destroyed by the dole and the common charity of the Haves towards the Have Nots was rapidly disappearing.

I am unalterably opposed to the whole theory of dole-relief for the able-to-work. That is merely a way in which the State and its people avoid responsibility. No matter what may be said about the high cost of work-relief, I go along with the idea that we must come to it, because when you hand a man a cheque and tell him to go sit in his chair until the next payment falls due you are bankrupting the citizen spiritually to save the State's bank account. In that unhealthy condition the morale of the dole quickly collapses. Thousands of men in Canada are at this time either mentally or physically unfit for war service as soldiers or in industry purely because of the degradation worked by the stay-at-home dole. In addition the dole incurs the enmity of those who still have ways and means of earning their bread, because the earner who is forced to foot the bills of the man who sits in idleness turns bitter.

This whole miserable business of unemployment could be resolved if only we would change our attitude to it as a people. Expression of the change, of course, must come from our elected Governments, but first the will to do it must occur in ourselves, in order that it may be translated to our servants and governors.

It has always been argued that work-relief would

bankrupt us. That is coming to be the point raised about virtually every dollar we spend on any public enterprise other than the manufacture of shells and sabres. Nevertheless we must be ready now—and certainly so more than ever as soon as hostilities cease—to undertake major constructive spending towards the destruction of unemployment, put the citizen to work and pay him the wages which are the due of a self-respecting man and remove the social stigma of relief by viewing it as work performed for the good of the State. I cannot believe that it is necessary to incorporate boodle and graft in this kind of nation-saving enterprise—and, mark well these words, a nation which cannot keep its people at work at living wages is a nation headed for trouble. How else did Naziism get its first foothold in Germany? Is the dollar to remain our only yardstick?

The number of self-liquidating enterprises which can be originated in Canada at any time is legion. To do this, I realize, might mean adding new millions to our debts. But does the Canadian Government hesitate to go into the red now that war is here? Is war, then, of greater importance than peace? Or, conversely, when did the individual Canadian hesitate to support any rattle-brained scheme likely to bring a few tax-dollars into his own riding? Most of our unemployed citizens have been just as good Canadians as those who live in comfortable circumstances and complain about the cost of unem-

ployment. But no man can be a good citizen unless he is kept at work. To complain is not enough. We shall have to re-orient our entire approach to this question because you may depend upon it that we shall have some tremendous problems to solve in this direction as soon as peace returns to the earth. Unemployed employable men and women are Canadians. If they sink Canada sinks.

II

Our unemployed citizens are grouped in several classes.

First, there is the skilled man, the man of experience, no matter whether that experience has been obtained as a business executive, as a professional man, or as a skilled artisan.

Second, comes our unemployed youth, already discussed at length in a previous chapter.

Third, we have the great corps of unskilled labour, our hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Fourth, there is the man who is skilled in employment of a seasonal nature, but who cannot earn enough in his period of skilled employment to support himself and his family throughout the year.

Fifth is the citizen who already has an occupation, or a small business of his own (the farmer and the prospector are possible cases in point) who, owing to depressed markets or other circumstances beyond his

control, has been unable to wrest a complete livelihood from that occupation.

Sixth and last is the man or woman who, as a result of infirmities or disabilities, permanent or temporary, must be regarded as unemployable and, therefore, as a direct charge upon the State in greater or lesser degree.

Some of these will disappear in war time. Others will not. Unless we are to face chaos after the war we must prepare to meet the problem now.

Coupled to the task of getting men back to work is the equally important one of getting them into employment for which they are fitted or, in the case of unemployed youth, of training them for fields of endeavour likely to lead towards a contented and rounded life. Recruiting and the establishment of war industries in Canada no doubt is going to take up a great part of the slack, but that is not the point. What is required *now* is the long view. The best that War can do is to postpone a permanent solution. But the war itself necessitates more than ever preparation for what comes after. We must prepare ourselves to be ready to provide for our surviving man-power at war's end, or else. . .

At peril of repeating what has already been said, the task is a twofold one. Its first phase is the creation of useful work at living wages. The second phase is that of putting people to work permanently at tasks

for which they are fitted by training or experience, or for which the individual displays a bent. In each of these the way must be shown by the Government, which must create work itself, and pay for it from the public purse, which must consult with established interests to create new employment and which must work for the establishment of new interests capable of giving permanent employment now and later.

In originating public works with a view to providing employment, stress has been laid on the term self-liquidating. Let us examine the term and define it.

In the neighbouring states President Roosevelt has shown the way by pouring billions into works designed to improve the lot of all men living in the United States. Great water powers have been harnessed to provide electric power for areas formerly not served, or those inadequately supplied with electrical benefits. Flood areas have been protected against the ravages of the elements (these are self-liquidating enterprises in the inverse sense, in that the construction of protective devices is a preventive measure designed to halt the tremendous expenditures called for when Nature goes on the rampage). Shallow river channels have been made accessible to craft of deep draught. Highways have been built. Public buildings have been erected. New schools have replaced unhealthy, ancient edifices. Modern spans have been thrown across rivers to replace old struc-

tures. Conveniences of every conceivable sort have been built. Here, then, is a guide to what can be done here. Our national ports require new equipment. Our highway system is inadequate in almost every part of the country. Thousands of square miles of populated Canadian territory are without hydroelectric service. Many of our public buildings urgently need to be replaced by modern structures. Reforestation has been mentioned in another chapter. We need bridges, improved waterways, better canals to carry the freights of the nation. Certainly there is no scarcity of jobs to do and in a great many instances they are jobs which would add to the assets of Canada, and, simultaneously, cubits to the stature of this Dominion's war effort. This is the time to study what may be done in order that idle Canadians may be employed for the benefit of the State, now as necessary, in the future when it is sure to be.

All this will cost huge sums of money. No doubt it will cost more in actual outlay than the payment of relief to healthy citizens for sitting in armchairs costs. It may add huge amounts to Government debts. But if Canadians approach the problem sensibly and honestly, as a non-political job for the salvation of the Canadian people, the operation may not be as costly as we think. Much of it can be brought into the realm of revenue-producing enterprise. A nation which can find money to fight a war can find money to solve the problems of peace. Money is something

we shall have to come to regard as an instrument of service, not an instrument of profit. In the Canada that is to be after the war every employable man must be employed, even at peril of printing new money. The other system has collapsed.

The ultimate outcome, no doubt, will be the political defeat of those who originate such a plan. This is what seems to be happening south of the border, although the war, even viewed as a neutral, may keep the Roosevelt party in power for a further term. The men who put Canadians back to work during and after the war will probably be acclaimed at first as national saviours—as Roosevelt was acclaimed when he plugged the holes in the bankers' levees and took the load off the back of business by providing for the continued existence of men to whom business was unwilling to acknowledge any responsibility. As soon as the job is done, however, the very Haves whose skins are saved become the first to turn on their saviours, and they will take with them such members of the army of former Have Nots who will have joined the ranks of the Haves. That is simply the human way and it will happen to any group of men who have the courage to tackle the problem. Their satisfaction will have to come from the knowledge that they have done well for Canada and that time will prove them to have been better Canadians than those who turn and rend them. But that is looking ahead. . .

The primary phase, that of originating public works at living wages in order to put people to work is, in the main, a stopgap, but not entirely so. Granted proper direction and planning, it is an operation which should decline from year to year until the employment saturation point is reached, for the day is past when living-wage employment will be available again in Canada to all comers without State assistance, except, perhaps, in a crisis period. Members of the unskilled and seasonable employment brackets are going to stand in need of Government assistance for the rest of time, so far as I can see, and we shall have to accustom ourselves as a people to foot the bills of such elements of the population.

The first task, then, is to put Canadians back to work for the *bien être* of Canada. This isn't charity. This is salvation. While this is being done, we must face the task of fitting the square peg into the square hole, a duty the importance of which has been mislaid somewhere in all our muddled thinking about the unemployed. It is not enough to feed, house and clothe a man and his family. We must provide him with a life that is useful and which will bring the citizen contentment. Private capital will not do it at the expense of red ink entries in its ledgers. That was proved long since.

In this the skilled man can greatly aid himself and his kind. There is in Montreal a group of unemployed professional men in middle age who have given

themselves the group name Forty Plus, who are seeking to re-establish themselves in their own former lines of business, or in their professions. These men have experience to sell. But for an unemployed man to attempt to sell his experience under his own steam, apparently is an insurmountable task. This is the day of group movements. Let an engineer, unemployed and on the starvation line, whose trousers are equipped with frayed cuffs and whose shoes are cracked, call on the trade and solicit work, and the chances are he will spend his days cooling his heels in ante-rooms, only to hear the constantly reiterated refrain that the boss is in conference, or that no jobs are available. But let him organize with others of his class, acquire a corporate name, stationery and a *piéd à terre* for his guild, and things will begin to happen. In the first place his group will be in a position to obtain free publicity, and their propaganda will call attention to what is being attempted. In the second place employers appreciate the opportunity to conduct negotiations through a central bureau which has already performed the duties of checking the character, experience and capability of its membership, just as the man of affairs likes experts in charity to handle his conscience money. The experience of Forty Plus in Montreal is worthy of record. In five months, March to July, 1939, out of a total enrolment of 157 unemployed professional and business men, 18 had been placed in permanent employment

and 27 in temporary jobs, in each case in the member's former business or profession. Some were engaged at salaries as high as \$65 a week. All were employed at what may be regarded as living wages. Industrial engineers, architects, electrical engineers, office managers and accountants have found re-employment through this mutual effort. The expectations of the group, late in August, 1939, were that autumn would see a majority of its membership re-established in gainful employ. The total cash outlay (excepting donations of office space, stationery, telephone, etc., by friends and sympathizers) was \$35.71 over a period of five months, donated in nickels and dimes by members and "alumni".

Here is something to think about. Basically the success of Forty Plus is due to organization on the one hand and to the fact that dignity has been given to their cause by organized effort, by removing the membership from the morally down-at-heel station which puts the ordinary man out of work long yards behind scratch in his search for a new start. I see no reason why such tasks as this should not become a function of the Government. In fact, it is the duty of the State to place in his square hole the square peg capable of filling it. Such men as these should be available to the nation and its industry, in peace as in war, for their experience is a national asset which should not be permitted to go to waste. That is the right approach, not the forced march through the

morass of indignity which is the usual lot of the man without a job. All the members of such a group no doubt will be absorbed into the war industries without much delay. But what about after the war? Will all the Canadians who are forty plus have to go back to the miseries they have known before?

In solving the problem of youth and employment, a converse view is necessary. This is not a case of placing the trained man in work and reaping the benefits of his experience. The task is to extend to youth the opportunity to learn and make its services of value to the nation's permanent economic plan. The whole system of education, for one thing, must be overhauled, to bring it to closer grips with life. Youth must be trained for service, not merely be made literate. Canadians must be trained for the work to be done in Canada—and the State must be prepared to see that they are then absorbed into useful occupation.

To the farmer, the prospector, and other groups whose members from time to time find themselves incapable of self-support as the result of depressed conditions, but who have been endeavouring to breast the tide, the nation must be prepared to extend such help as is necessary in order that these men may continue to support their dependants as befits dignified citizens. The task here is one of providing temporary stop-gaps and it is perhaps most easily to be achieved by originating local public works as needed from time

to time in which the individual and his equipment may be constructively employed. Other stop-gap aids can be provided, particularly to those whose lives are devoted to the development of the nation's resources. Such attempts have been made in the immediate past, as in the case of wheat and, in less expansive manner, in the provision of various forms of assistance to the farmer. We must be prepared to face a properly organized extension of such aids and services, for it is the true duty of the Government to move towards abandonment of an economy which consists of getting-along-as-well-as-we-can for a great majority of citizens. If it is argued that this is a movement in the direction of State socialism my only answer is that it will not be the first step taken in that direction during my adult quarter-century, that the planned State is a necessity of the machine-age, but that organization does not indicate a movement towards absolutism, or necessitate depriving the subject of his liberty. Rather it may tend to increase his freedom, and certainly his self-respect. And we cannot wait until after the war.

Amongst the unskilled labour of the country unemployment will always exist, as it has always existed in the past. The State must prepare itself to provide for these, through the hewing of the State's wood and the drawing of its water.

The final group, which includes the aged, the halt and the infirm, the unfit-for-work, should not be re-

garded as belonging to the ranks of the unemployed. All these are direct charges upon the State bounty when found in circumstances in which their children or other family members are unable to provide for them. Unemployment and Health Insurance, Old Age Pensions and other devices are available to provide for these groups, as soon as we can iron out the fantastic questions of responsibility which are raised on every hand. Out of a total of 923,000 on relief in May, 1939, 413,000 were accepted by the Government as unemployable, an indication of the size of the problem.

The plea here is not for a pap-fed society, but for a new awareness of our responsibilities to our own. That plea is not offered on sentimental grounds, but on those of urgent necessity. We simply cannot stand by and watch the spiritual disintegration of a large part of our people and not act to halt it. In the Canada of the future our children must be trained for the work which, as Canadians, they will be called upon to perform. In time of war there is no hedging the duty to place each man where he will be able to render the best service to the State. Is the fight to restore our economic system and preserve our way of life less important?

III

The question of responsibility for solving the problems of unemployment and relief has become one of the anachronisms of our nationhood. Hard times finally brought home to us that the very charter of our liberty in Canada is a gyve which shackles our limbs to prevent us reaching out to our destiny as a people.

In the case of almost every economic nut we have been called upon to crack during these years we have been faced by so-called constitutional issues, hinging invariably on the question where the rights of a province end and those of the federal power begin. As regards unemployment, for example, the provincial administration at Quebec, while perfectly willing to allow Ottawa to find the monies, has insisted continuously upon its own prior right as the competent authority to decide where and how relief monies shall be spent. From this point the debate has developed an acrid quality which has served to remove it completely from its considerations as a problem in economics and common humanity. Instead it has been mounted on the clay-footed pedestal of provincial rights, where it reclines languorously in imitation of blind Justice, but only succeeds in resembling a blind date with the Mad Hatter.

Just what the Fathers of Confederation had in mind when they drew their compact I cannot tell

you, but my own estimate of the matter is that the primary thought was to fashion a nation in this half of North America. In order to do so they concocted a group of thou-shalt-nots designed to protect minorities, but neglected to protect majorities from filibuster and blockade. Those rules were based on the circumstances of 1867, at which time, I have been credibly informed, men did not dwell at the core of a civilization composed of automobiles, aeroplanes, radios and other machines designed to make life more liveable but, unfortunately, to deprive many of them of the means to work. As times changed, the British North America Act was amended from time to time to keep pace with the changes in our life and status. Then came the current attack of hives and the provincialists, seeing in the Constitution a barrier with which to hold back any enlargement of Dominion powers and to hold majorities at bay, manned the bulwarks, declaring themselves ready to make all Canadians suffer whatever setbacks to progress may be necessary, provided the rights of segments be maintained and the theory that the part is greater than the whole be upheld. There lies the first and chief stumbling-block to the permanent relief of unemployment.

No man in his senses can deny that this is a national problem. Not even the provincialists deny that they would like Ottawa to do the spending, in fact beseech the Federal Government to do so. But,

sirrah! the outlets must be provincial outlets! Constitutionally I presume the gentlemen are correct in their estimate of rights. But when common sense is looked to, their arguments fall to the ground. The circumstance we are asked to accept as reasonable is that of fire chiefs from adjoining towns haggling as to who is boss when the scene of the fire is the town line, while the building burns to the ground and its occupants perish in the smoke and flame.

No constitutional lawyer, I cannot tell you through exactly what maze of red tape lies the road to adjustment. But having some regard for sanity, in public affairs as well as in private, I can only say that the debaters at some future date will be forced to give an accounting of their stewardship and that it will not go well with the one who is forced to admit that the reason for letting the problem go unsolved is because it has become impaled upon the horns of sectionalism. If a man is jobless, if the landlord and the bailiff are at the door, if his children are cold and hungry, does it matter to that man what the signing Fathers had in mind more than seventy years ago? I can think of circumstances in which it might, but I do not believe this is one of them. Perhaps I am wrong. Perhaps my compatriots along the St. Lawrence believe that it would be of good report to starve and die for dear old Laurentia. Personally I think a man is much better off to live for it, and to live for it on a full stomach.

No reasonable man can question the statement that unemployment is a national problem. Even Mr. Duplessis, that great bulwark of provincialism, has never been slow to demand that Ottawa give him more money to spend on relief in his province. But he remains behind the breastwork he himself has built, the keystone of which has been a refusal to have anything to do with overhauling federal-provincial relations through the B.N.A. Act. As we stand today Ottawa could come forward with a feasible solution and the provincialists could cry "Halt!" And halt it would be, lest the children of Montreal's jobless be ruined as fertile ground for the provincialistic agitator. Granted training and guidance, it is possible they might even become Canadians, that English youth and French youth might come to know and to like one another.

From this topsy-turvy Wonderlandesque approach came the feckless federal-provincial-municipal scheme of contribution, reminiscent of other famed double-play combinations, with the exception that in the new unemployment infield, somebody invariably has muffed the ball. Up to now, if we were so much as to light a match, Ottawa must buy it, or make it, the province must carry it home, the Mayor must turn out the guard and light it with suitable ceremony. What way is that to tackle a national calamity? Happily the Government at Ottawa enjoys rights with which it may over-ride the provinces in time of

war. But progress in peace, the solution of the difficulties which beset us in times of duress, apparently are of no import. That is why we find ourselves constantly confronted by such ironical situations as that which existed in the city of Montreal through the winter of 1938-39, when no money could be made available for clearing the accumulation of snow and ice from the streets while thousands of able-bodied men sat in idleness and spent their dole cheques.

We shall have to face the problems and anacronisms of relief even though we are now at war and it will do us no good to approach them with bilious sectionalism as the *motif*. The task is one for men of good will. No others can surmount it. Coupled to this approach must be a new attitude on the part of all Canadians, the attitude which the healthy members of a family manifest to those who are ill. Unemployment is no disgrace. It is a misfortune which calls for the sympathy and help of all those still employed. All of us are prone to criticize the man on relief, to damn all of him when we hear that one of his number has refused three or four days' work, knowing that if he took it he could not return to the relief roll for a matter of weeks. The number of men who want to work comprises the entire roster of the unfortunate, with the exception of the few malingerers to be found in any society—and I venture the view that a majority of these in turn are the human sloths who did no work before this

problem arose. It does no good to damn the many because of the few. Our job is to put Canada back to work, to plan an after-the-war economy which will provide for those who will be released from service and war work, to provide for youth as it reaches employment age, and what it may cost us to do it, or how the bill is to be divided, or who is to sign the pay cheques, is not the important point. The young, the skilled, the transient, the hewer of wood, all these are Canadians. Here, then, is the greatest task which will confront us when peace comes, the greatest internal problem of the war period. In our way of solving it lies the salvation of Canada and the preservation of the way of life in which Canadians believe.

CHAPTER TWELVE

THE JEWS: SAVIOURS OF DEMOCRACY

WHETHER or not it is fair to say that it was the Jewish people who finally awakened in Christian breasts the determination to erase Hitlerism and bestiality from our world, and so led us to go to war, I cannot say. But one result of the persecution of the Jew in Middle Europe in regard to which no question can be raised is that we can thank unhappy Jewry for Britain's abandonment of the piffling policy of appeasement through Mr. Chamberlain's enforced recognition of the fact that democracy still lived, as it was made manifest in the anger of the British peoples.

Perhaps it is fortunate that the Jews were singled out as the ultimate case-example of the unfitness of Germany's present overlords to associate with decent people. More than any other race on the earth's surface, the Jews contain in their make-up the spiritual equipment which enables them to breast the swellings of Jordan. Jew-like, they have taken up their wanderings again, a lot which has fallen to them almost from the beginnings of time and certainly since Jewry itself came into being.

No other people are constructed to withstand such an ordeal. We of the Anglo-Saxon and Norman races would not face it. Fight we might. Go we might. But in going we should soon be assimilated into our new environment and quickly take on the colour of our new surroundings. The Jew, on the other hand, no matter whether he arrives in Western Canada, Madagascar or Tanganyika, remains a Jew to the end of the trail, as do his children and his children's children. He is unbeatable.

The sufferings of the Jews in Germany have done more than anything which has happened since Hitler came to reunite the democratic peoples, to recreate the possibility of standing together, to bring home to all of us that this way of life is infinitely precious to us. Many things which had gone before raised our indignation, but these, after all, were mainly acts of conquest—and conquest (as the conquerors) is something the British peoples understand very clearly. The attack on the Jews, which began with the boycott and reached its zenith with the expulsion from Germany, was not conquest, not a holy crusade for external trade, not a scramble for raw materials or for fields to till. This was persecution pure and simple and, as such, it revolted every sense of decency in us. Not even the British Die-Hards could stomach this. The Die-Hard believes in conquest followed by establishment of his own brand of benevolence to the conquered, but he must see some vestige of logic and be

able to work himself into a lather of virtue about it—and not even the pro-Nazis in Britain could do that when Hitler and Goebbels set out to destroy the indestructible Jews. An enraged England would have turned Chamberlain out had he continued his policy of appeasement which did not appease. With all my feelings and emotions I pity the Jews for what they were forced to undergo in Germany. But with all my heart I give thanks to them for what they have done for the rest of us. I only hope we can make our determination to fashion a world fit for freemen stick, when the day comes when we write the next peace treaty.

I doubt if the noble Hitler comprehends just how completely he played into the hands of freemen while we were trying to forget about Prague. We were told then—and many of us tried hard to believe—that the Czech embroil was no affair of ours. We did our best to accept the statement that it would be folly to bring about a world cataclysm to prevent a few millions of outlanded Germans from rejoining their Fatherland. We tried to overlook the patent fact that Mr. Chamberlain had become extremely generous in giving away things which did not belong to him, or to us. We even tried to accept the view that Germany had the right to extend her influence eastward until she dominated that part of Europe, no matter if by the sword. Many people hoped that the outcome would be a strong Germany which would become the

ultimate conqueror of Russia and so destroy the Communist bogey, this without pausing to realize that destruction might create a new bogey, infinitely greater and more menacing to our safety than the ghost which would be laid. We attempted to swallow the doctrine that it is no affair of ours how an Axis runs its show, lukewarmly approved the "appeasement" plan. Then came Hitler's descent upon the defenceless Jews.

This was the true turning point in the attitude of the civilized peoples. Such words as "aghast" and "horrified" have lost much of their meaning in recent years, thanks to over-use, and have sunk almost to the level of a movie-producer's "colossal", which currently connotes, I am told, a film which is either so-so, or plain punk. Hence no word lay handy to describe our feelings as we regarded this insolent bullying of a people unable to defend themselves. But we united again, we freemen, not because we were selfish about our holy state but because in our hearts we cannot abide persecution. What happened in Germany to *Germans* who simply happen to be born Jews, drove us to the conclusion, without regard to anti-war pacts, without wondering what Chamberlain or Daladier might be thinking about it, that we, the people, want no part of such *canaille* as the man who could order such atrocities.

True the indignation did not last and we have not been what might be regarded as generous in our sub-

sequent attitude to the refugee. The fault there has been that of our leaders, perhaps. Rightly or wrongly they foresaw two problems arising from the expulsion from Germany and the possible entry into our own boundaries of any large group of expelled men, women and children. The first was the possible enlargement of our own economic troubles. The second arose from the anti-Jewish feeling which has run high, noticeably in the Province of Quebec. These were deterrents to our generosity, or humanity. Propaganda quickly drove them home and cooled our righteous wrath. But in that brief interim a new factor was clearly established for all who run to read; the peoples of the democratic countries would not stand by and tolerate any further trespassing on the preserves of common decency—and the leaders of the parliamentary countries who flirted with inquisitionists quickly discovered that the democratic temper had become very dry tinder. That is why Chamberlain put “appeasement” aside.

Today the peoples of the British countries and of the United States stand closer together than at any moment since that on November 11th, more than twenty years ago when the last shot was fired in France, even though our neighbours in North America hope to remain neutral. Responsible we may be for the appalling world conditions which confront us, in that our leaders of the Versailles day were not democrats and showed no interest either in human com-

passion or in human liberty. Anxious we may all have been to avoid trouble. Anxious we definitely were to know for what cause we were to fight when *der Tag* came again. But the view that perhaps these Nazis were all right after all, that a man may do as he wishes in his own house—even to dismembering his wife and burning her piecemeal in the furnace—is gone. Such rights do not exist, and in our hearts we always knew they did not. That view is now going to be driven home, not by one or two democracies but by all of us, acting in unison, including, I believe, the United States of America. I only hope that when the time to write the peace comes the issue will remain on the high ground where the freeman places it, that he will not go out to die for the preservation of freedom and decency, only to discover, too late, that he has been fighting for something not far removed from the very aims of these noxious Nazis in that it will have the extermination of the German people as its object.

The point will be raised, no doubt, that we have no cause to be proud of our own attitude to Jewry, having done nothing to assist Germany's exiles in their misery and manifesting, as we sometimes do, highly intolerant attitudes ourselves. The condition cannot be put down to the will of the Canadian people *qua* people, but to the economic fears of our governors. Admittedly anti-Jew activities have been going on, more or less under cover, for several years in Quebec.

Cheap *feuilletons* have been brandished under our noses, even before the Nationalists began to roar up and down the land. The attempt has been made by this element, by the Arcands and their kind, to associate themselves, by inference, with the Nationalist movement at large, to suggest that they constitute its militant wing. But they are no more the core of Nationalism (which I do not like, because it does not make economic sense) than the occasional ranting preacher may be regarded as the repository of the views of an entire church, from hierarchy to communicant. I wonder how Mr. Arcand explains the new Soviet-Nazi alignment to his followers?

The drive against the Jews in Germany not merely served to kindle the righteous wrath of the democratic peoples. It has also served to indicate the ultimate objectives and destination of the Chaplin-esque paper-hanger and his tribe of mental perverts. The picture of an orderly State which endeared Nazism to so many corporate souls in other countries, the enthusiasm for the German renaissance which so many felt in the earlier days of the movement, have been superseded by another and monstrous landscape in which a moral garbage heap dominates the foreground. This was the supreme tip-off to the aims of Naziism, which are proved to every man's satisfaction to be nothing but the delusions of grandeur of a self-aggrandizing maniac. Hitler and his fellow scavengers may invent new atrocities before our final day of

reckoning comes, whether that reckoning comes from within or without Germany. But, as sure as winter comes, Naziism passed its peak moment when it turned loose the carnal dogs of destruction and death upon a patient and defenceless people within its own borders.

Thank God, then, for the Jews. It may be they are the people who have saved democracy, on this, the fiftieth occasion of its salvation. By awakening us from our lethargy and stupor they brought us together as freemen again, so that now we shall stand foursquare against any way of life which has the slavery of the body, mind and soul of the citizen as its be-all and end-all. God save the Jews, whose suffering goaded us into action at last!

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

THE WHISPER OF DEATH

NOW that War is here again it might not be a bad idea to sit down and think about the Canadian railways and transport generally in Canada in the light of the service which these facilities provide in times of national duress. The subject is one of extreme interest, in that the trouble will recur again as soon as the war ends, whereas it disappears as a problem as soon as an emergency occurs. Let us look at the so-called problem as it has been debated in the years of peace just behind us.

Death promised so often which fails of fulfilment becomes almost as tedious a business as the expectation of departure of a favourite aunt from whom a promise has been wrung to leave at least a million dollars to her nephew. Ultimately, of course, the young man gives the old girl up as an incorrigible lingerer and goes back to work, as otherwise he might be forced to refrain from eating and so be of little value as the recipient of his delayed legacy. This has been my own position in regard to this long-guaranteed last bated breath of Canada, an event which has been promised almost since I eased

myself into a pair of peg-top pants and realized that I had come to man's estate. Of late I have given up waiting for the coffin to be brought downstairs. The suspense element has been overplayed. Somehow we didn't go bankrupt.

I clearly remember the preparations for our demise which Lord Atholstan was making in the *Montreal Star* at least fifteen years ago under the selfsame depressing title which graces the head of this chapter. But by some freak of a benevolent Nature we remained alive. We must be a virile people.

Latterly a new tag has been attached to the railway *dossier*. Ten years ago the dervishes would promise you that the country would be in bankruptcy any minute now unless we hastened to give the Canadian National to the C.P.R. Lord Shaughnessy, you may remember, had offered to pay a dollar for the assets some time earlier, provided the Canadian people would keep the book debts, and the calamity howlers had begged us to hasten to consummate a trade without studying the contents of the gift horse's mouth. Some time later we had Amalgamation as a proposed way out. Then came competitive co-operation, or co-operative competition, I forget which. Finally the battle-cry became Unification and, according to the so-called man-in-the-street, unless we hurried with our unifying the bailiffs would be in on us. As a matter of fact it doesn't seem likely that we shall unify just yet. Neither shall we land in the bank-

ruptcy courts. As a matter of fact what is going to happen to the transportation system of this country is that it is going to become a Government service like the Post Office. Privately owned roads may get through the war years in their present guise, but as soon as peace-time commerce becomes our way of life again, I am inclined to think that transportation in Canada is going to become a Government job.

We have too many railways for our population or, if you prefer it the other way, not enough people to support our transportation system. No matter what else happens, the fact remains and it is the hub of the whole problem. Nevertheless, it becomes obvious to anyone at a time like this that the system is not merely essential to us but is an essential lifeline of Empire. Surely the Imperialists will be able to recognize that.

In actuality we ought never to have had anything but Government-owned rails in this country. Every road, whether owned by private shareholders or by the people of Canada, was built in large measure with funds supplied from the public purse, or by other forms of subsidization. This is not said in criticism. To criticize the events of the holy-rolling days would merely be to start another good cry into the empty milk pail. But do not run away with the idea that much of this railway mileage is the result of anybody's rugged individualism, because most of the individualism was supplied by your grandfather in his capa-

city as a taxpayer, or by his governors in the role of donors of the public domain. This is not said in criticism, but simply from an abiding love of the realities.

Carrying on from there, the Canadian people, during the years *circa* 1920, bought a lot of railway mileage owned by private interests (to which generous contributions in cash, lands, and Heaven knows what else, had already been made), because the private owners were broke and couldn't carry on. So the people acquired most of the railways they had helped to build, paying considerably more than any privately owned corporate enterprise, or any group of financiers, would have given for bankrupt concerns. It is useless, I repeat, to criticize, because the time for that is past. The fact remains, however, that we did not pay distress prices, even though we knew that millions of dollars, tens of millions, would have to be funnelled into the first job of unifying the Grand Trunk, the G.T.P., the Canadian Northern, the Transcontinental and all the variagated enterprises, for building most of which the revered Messrs. MacKenzie and Mann had been knighted just a short time before.

Since then we have gone on piling up the transportation debt. Simultaneously other forms of transportation have made inroads into the rail business, whilom we have done everything in our power to provide the bus operator and the truck driver with the means of cutting the railways' throats. We built the

motor operators' roadbed—the highway—out of the general taxation, and now even plough it for him in winter. Use of these rights of way is given the trucker and the busman for a nominal rental fee, the cost of a pair of licence plates. Yet we were amazed when we discovered that the short-haul business has been lost by the rails.

These are some of the basic ingredients of the transportation *pot pourri* which will remain no matter whether we unify, amalgamate, co-operate, or just go on as we are. We shall still have the same shortage of population. We shall still have the debts incurred in the purchase of bankrupt roads. We shall still have the new forms of competition. These are the bolt-holes in the hub of the problem and no nostrum or label will dispose of them.

In all this fuss and to-do, no competent authority of which I know has given the public an unbiased view of the problem in terms of a-b-c. All manner of commissions and committees have roamed the land. Erudite findings have resulted. Public ownership whooper-uppers have proclaimed the benefits of rolling your own railroads. Devotees of private ownership have viewed government-in-business with alarm, quaintly pretending to see it as Socialism, Communism-in-embryo and Lord knows what else, but completely failing to indicate how it could all have been avoided, at the time of acquisition. We remain, then, exactly where we were in 1920, except that we owe

more money. We remain, in fact, just about where we were when the C.P.R. set out towards the Rockies at Confederation-time and, so far as obtaining unbiased information is concerned, no better off than we were when Laurier notified our fathers that the twentieth century would be Canada's own, and Mackenzie and Mann went off on their great bender at the public expense. And when the war ends the problem will be exactly what it was before the war began.

II

One visible, and certainly audible, result of the railway furore has been that virtually every private citizen of Canada had become either a Canadian National man, or a C.P.R. rooter. Every plan advanced as a potential cure for the ailment in some occult manner had come to be identified with private or public ownership. No plan has been studied on its merits, by press or public. The ardent, but often unthinking, believer saw even in unification the Canadian Pacific alpha, or the Canadian National omega, depending upon which might get possession of the Board. Such an outcome he welcomed with the unholy glee of the possessor of a mania, or shrank from it in horror, depending entirely upon whose outfit might be on top of the heap and whose ox he would like to see gored. In fine, the average Canadian had come to the point at which he cherished only one result, the vanquishing of one group by the other. This fantastic attitude has

completely transcended railway economics in the public mind for years.

Completely lost from sight in the wrangle about debts, losses, possible amalgamations, unifying and everything else concerned with the maze, has been what may be termed the service factor, for understanding of which it is necessary to try to imagine Canada without rail transportation, its economic and social life in full spate today, and a permanent halt called to the movement of trains tomorrow. There is no need to etch in the lines of such a picture, to attempt to describe the mildew with which we should be embalmed. To put it bluntly, Canada would cease to exist as anything faintly resembling a power within the space of an hour if it were known that the trains were going to stop and that we had no way to start them running again. By the time new devices could be erected for the movement of transcontinental goods, Canada, as Canada, would be as dead as last Sunday's rotogravure. We have no transcontinental highway system. Our water routes, even though they might be able to move our traffic in men and goods when open, are barred by nature for several months in the year. The rails are our national lifeline. Without them Canada stops dead. Obviously, then, the trains must continue to run no matter the cost. It isn't running railways which would bankrupt us as a nation, but abandonment. All one needs to do to grasp the essential truth of such statements is to try

to imagine us at war without these facilities for moving goods.

The problem, then, completely transcends all the vapourings about government-in-business, or plans designed to advance the future of paternalism, socialism, or any other ism. By the same method of thought, it is impossible to say that losses on the Canadian National in such and such a year were so much. The interest paid on railway borrowings and monies lost in operation is a direct contribution to the maintenance of Canada and to the growth of this Dominion. This contribution, unfortunately, cannot appear on the railway balance sheet. But I ask the reader: what is the value of the railways to Canada in time of war? Are they an asset or a liability?

It is crystal clear that the Government in Canada is in the railway business for keeps, or at least until the rails are permanently superseded by new, all-year transportation media, a millennium which is a long way off. If the roads presently owned and operated by private capital are unable to earn profits for their owners and continually slip back into the red, then the Canadian people are going to become owners and operators of every mile of steel in the country and unification will automatically become a *fait accompli*, the principal weakness of which adjustment will be that, if we adhere to the practices of the past, the assets coming into the public domain will be acquired at a price com-

pletely out of line with physical values and earning powers, thereby loading the taxpayer with debts out of all proportion to the assets he acquires.

Hence we must accommodate our thinking to Government ownership and recognize that in the future the tendency will be towards *more* public ownership, not less. This involves a changed point of view to the entire railway picture and the necessity for regarding transport as a national service without which we cannot exist and for which we must be prepared to pay. In keeping our status as an up-and-coming country, properties must be maintained in modern condition. We must have rapid point-to-point *de luxe* trains, fast freight service, modern terminals (in spite of the Jeremiahs who prefer the big hole in Montreal's mid-town section to a modern station), everything essential to the carrying on of an up-to-the-minute railway system. Furthermore, we must maintain all our present transcontinental lines and all those which join key sections of the country, despite duplication and triplication, for the simple reason that they are essential to any scheme of Canadian defence or preparedness. It seems unnecessary to point out (without allusion to the temporal requirements of those now living along these lines) that, if we were to keep only one main route across the continent, a single, well-placed bomb, dropped from the air or planted by *saboteurs*, would immediately destroy in-

terprovincial communications and halt the movement of urgently required agricultural products, war materials and troops. The Canadian mind, then, must attune itself to the idea of public ownership and Government control if privately owned rails are unable to make ends meet. Canada must also adapt itself to the idea of constant payment for the privilege of being in the railway business, for the reader may rest assured that before he is much older he will be in it even deeper than he is today.

III

I have no doubt that we shall see virtual unification of the Canadian railways during this war, if the war itself is of lengthy duration. When it is over, I am inclined to believe that we shall be in the railway business one hundred per cent. In the meantime I look to some form of war-time co-ordination, in which Sir Edward Beatty of the C.P.R. and Mr. Hungerford of the C.N.R. will cease to be semi-political figures and become operating men. This is not to be construed as an attack upon the integrity of Sir Edward Beatty or Mr. Hungerford in the past. Nor is it suggested that either has run his course in his job. I do not believe, however, that a plan of war-time unification of which either present railway head might be placed in supreme command would be acceptable to the general public. Too much taking sides has happened in the past to make such a plan feasible,

for the immediate trouble has not been wrapped up with any basic disagreement about the existence, or otherwise, of an intricate economic tangle, but as to who should be charged with solving it. No political party in Canada has been able to stomach the idea of unified railways under the control of either, because to adopt such a programme would have meant the end of the party which sponsored it. Neither major party has been prepared to be put in a position of having to take sides *pro* or *con* C.P.R. and C.N.R. Of which, more later.

But, first, what is the problem, for it is still with us, even if postponed *sine die*. What is it that we must solve, or remedy as best we can?

These, broadly speaking, are the figures: In 1937, the Canadian Pacific enjoyed a revenue of approximately \$150,000,000, the cost of earning which was about \$121,000,000, leaving a matter of \$29,000,000 in the kitty. In other words, nearly twenty per cent. of the money which came across the counter was gross profit and, as such, was available for interest charges, dividends, reserve and other destinations of earnings. The C.P.R. must earn more than this amount of money, however, to meet all charges on its billion-dollar capital structure, for which it is reasonable to assume that a levy of 4% should be made.

During the same year the Canadian National enjoyed receipts of approximately \$200,000,000, against

which stood expenses of \$180,000,000, leaving \$20,000,000 in the cash drawer to be applied to interest charges and such like. Gross profit, then, was approximately 10% of the money taken in, by no means enough to foot the bill. The Canadian exchequer went over the dam for the difference.

The long and short of it is that a number of millions must be found in every "normal" year to pay the cost of hired money, and the total varies from year to year in ratio to the state of the nation's business. Thus when the citizen's affairs are at low ebb the affairs of the railways are in like straits, whereupon the citizen damns everything connected with the business, wishes he were back in horse-and-buggy days and vows the misery arises from mismanagement and politics, not because he knows anything about it, but because he must have a repository for his spleen. But to revert to the figures . . .

If the Canadian Pacific is worth a billion dollars, which is the figure often quoted, a matter of \$11,000,000 over and above a gross profit of \$29,000,000 has to be found to meet the charges on its capital. If the valuation of the C.N.R. is set at one and one-third billions, then \$53,000,000 must be earned, or provided, to meet the bill, or \$33,000,000 more than the railway earned in 1937. Thus in the year under review the combined deficits of the two major Canadian railways were approximately \$44,000,000.

Business and population being what they are, the necessary millions cannot be secured in revenues in ordinary times, if ever. The truck, the bus and the family automobile are here to stay. Their inroads, plus those which will be made in the future by air lines, are more likely to increase than to diminish. Improvement may come in long-haul income—our principal hope—but possible increase is governed by forces beyond the control of any management or Government, because they are mainly external. It is external forces which are stepping up rail freights now and which will slow them down again later.

President Beatty has said that most of the required peace-time saving can be effected by unifying the two lines. President Hungerford disagreed. At least one major political party has been divided on the issue, with its House and national leader, a former Minister of Railways, opposed to unification and its Senate Leader, a former Prime Minister, supporting it. The newspapers have viewed with calamitous alarm, or pointed with vociferous pride, each according to its stripe and the results of the last round. The obvious answer lay in a new railway deal which would have come about, but for the war, if only to give the sorry business a change of *venue*. This does not mean that either Beatty or Hungerford would have been tossed to the wolves (as Bennett tossed Sir Henry

Thornton), but simply that they would have been removed from the quasi-political arena and left to the business of running their railways *as operators*.

The railway problem cannot be solved by Sir Edward Beatty when the time comes, because the public ownership enthusiasts will never permit the number one private ownership man to produce the formula, even supposing he happens to have the right one on his person. Conversely the private ownership crowd will look furiously askance on any plan submitted by Mr. Hungerford, vowing they will tolerate no tinkering by any public ownership mogul with the country's greatest capitalist enterprise. That writes off the leading rail executives out as solution providers, through no fault of their own. Their opponents regard each as a political pleader for his own outfit.

That is the pass in which we found ourselves on the outbreak of war, thanks to the infinite number of words poured into the public eye and ear by politicians, presidents and press. That is the reason why we were rapidly approaching the point at which a completely new deal was becoming an urgent necessity. I submit that the time for such a deal is now, not after a war which will push us back into the slough of economic despond.

England possesses an administrative body which provides the perfect pattern for the Canadian need in its Port of London Authority. That Authority

deals day by day with problems of tremendous concern to the entire British people. Its ramifications compare favourably as to size with those of our own transportation system. Its members are not selected for their political affiliations, nor do they hold their posts within what may be termed the pleasure of the party in power. The Authority is composed of men drawn from all interests of major import to the millions who inhabit that tight little island and each is chosen because of the special knowledge he brings to the problems which confront the whole, the problems of feeding Britain, of bringing in its raw materials, of moving its manufactures to the four corners of Christendom and beyond. I submit that what is required here is a Canadian Railway Authority composed of men who are recognized experts in their respective fields of activity in Canada and that they should be entrusted with the task of *governing* Canadian transportation with a view to bringing our services as close as may be possible to the self-supporting stage, commensurate with the essentials of Canadian economy and of giving the best possible national service in this emergency.

Coming from an ardent believer in the supremacy of parliamentary institutions, this may have all the ring of neo-Fascism to those who like to scoff and who, no doubt, will point to the word "govern" and inquire if it is suggested that Parliament's rights are to be delegated. Nothing of the sort. The only

thought in mind is to remove the transportation question from its present morass, to lift it clear of the present influences which obfuscate the essentials of the problem in a maze of political fears and warring special interests.

By what method should such an Authority be chosen? By the Government, its Opposition, the rails, and by the varied interests which provide them with their revenues, which depend upon the rails to market their outputs, which provide the railways with their passenger traffic, by labour, by every interested group. Mining, lumbering, pulp and paper, fishing, agriculture, manufacturing; these are key industries. From each of these let a panel of five men be named, one of whom will ultimately be chosen as that industry's representative on the Railway Authority. Consumers, or voters, if you prefer the interchangeable term, should be represented by two members from a panel of ten to be named by an all-parties parliamentary committee. The railways would name panels. Possibly the names finally picked would be selected by the Government but, if so, then only from the panel lists. Appointments would be permanent and no member could be asked to resign for any reason but inefficiency, abuses of his office, ill health, or old age. Racial, sectional and political lines should be ignored, the job being to govern and administer railways, not to occupy a well-paid sinecure. What is sought is a

way of escape from external influences, not a means to provide us with new influences. The functions of the Authority would be an enlargement of the powers of the Railway Commission, but the members would be non-political appointees. Standing Committees of Parliament would disappear, so would their annual jamborees.

Here, then, is a proposal in rough outline. Up to now we have tried every imaginable species of party interference. From the beginnings of rapid transit in Canada the railways have been the grab-bag of every plunderbund in the country, the descendants of which *condittieri*, or their present representatives, have been amongst the loudest howlers, demanding solutions of this and that, always with the proviso that such solutions shall be designed to advance their own special causes. There lies the root of the whole problem. The public, the consumers of railway service, the payers of railway deficits, the potential purchasers of the privately owned roads, have lost faith. Somebody is wanted to take charge who has no axe to grind—and the reference is not to axes belonging to Beatty or Hungerford. The idea behind the proposal is to lift the two presidents out of the semi-political arena and leave them free to perform their proper functions, which have to do with operation, not politics.

Financiers and promoters have raided the railway treasuries since the beginnings of the first grading job. Consider the number of railway fortunes pyra-

mided during the bad old days which closed with the departure of Mackenzie and Mann for the happy hunting grounds, and relate these to the railway debt problem. Consider the attitude of certain labour groups, the aristocracy of the running trades, certain sections of which are paid wages out of all proportion to the services rendered. I am the last man on earth to talk wage-cuts, but I cannot overlook the fact that many railway employes have long been in receipt of payment, for tasks requiring neither mammoth brain nor physique, which exceeds by far the pay of men in posts for which high technical training is required. I cannot turn a blind eye to the fact that such wages have been out of all relation to the peace time economic structure and that these men have been the major preferred group in the country, this in an industry which hasn't purchased a bottle of black ink in a decade, in an industry which passes along every cent of its losses to the public, in an industry which pays starvation rates to its own employes who do not happen to be organized on a "Big Stick" basis. By all means raise the standard of living of Canadian labour, but not merely that of selected groups, the members of which do not require any greater brain-power than is required to operate a truck—and not as much brain, physique or courage as are required to farm a hundred acres of land. In fine, the Canadian railways, the privately owned roads as well as the public properties

which we bought out of bankruptcy with all the gay abandon of a crew of drunken sailors, have been short-changed by virtually every interest and group to come in contact with them. Sooner or later we shall have to yank transportation completely clear of politics and establish an aloof central control strong enough to run the roads solely for the good of the country. Government, or Parliament acting in unison, should write the broad concept of the Authority's functions, assist in drafting the guiding principles and the basic contract, aid in selecting the personnel. This done, the railways should be turned over to the operators for operation and to the Authority for governance. This, I submit, should be done now, not after the war.

These are broad and sweeping lines, set down roughly as a proposal. Such a proposal disposes of Amalgamation, Unification and all other "ations" as the political bugbears they are. The plan provides for such forms of co-operation as may be required by the circumstances, for economies which will not impair service, nor work against the good of Canada. Such a body must be detached in its viewpoint, semi-judicial in its characteristics, have only the good of the Canadian people in mind. I wager either Sir Edward Beatty or Mr. Hungerford would prefer to discuss the problems of his day with such an Authority than be called upon to lay them at the feet of the Member for Musquash Crossing, whose only claim to special-

ized knowledge of an involved subject lies in the fact that he is a member of the railway committee of the Commons, which is no qualification of any sort.

We cannot dispose of peace-time railway losses so long as our population remains as small and as unevenly distributed as it is. Our needs in war clearly establish the essential service which the rails provide. Canadians must orient their minds to this condition and realize that these roads, far from being our greatest national liability are our principal asset. Nevertheless, common prudence invites a new approach which will have in mind the reduction of losses, as and where changes in the basis of operations are feasible. Furthermore, a change of *venue* might do away with the endless acrimonies of the C.P.R. *versus* C.N.R. discussion, with politics constantly summoned to court as the *mise en cause*. Beyond all this I cannot escape the conviction that before long all the rails will be Government property. Meanwhile, why not organize them on the most efficient possible basis?

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

ARMING FOR WHAT?

PART and parcel of our status as a free country, obviously, is the right of the individual at a time of crisis to air his views as to how that crisis should be met, an approach which has found its entirely understandable public reaction during the early days of the new World War in constantly reiterated demands for the rapid despatch of an Expeditionary Force to Europe on the one hand, and for the bringing in of conscription on the other. Expression of such views, of course, is nothing more or less than testimony to the anxiety of the Canadian people to be getting along with the job of defeating Naziism. But what of the practicalities of the matter?

Certainly in the estimate of many an average young Canadian what he is doing now is to prepare himself for a place in such a force, with which in the very near future he hopes to embark in a troopship and be convoyed across the Atlantic for the express purpose of "taking a cut at Hitler". That is the story heard everywhere.

It is highly questionable, however, if this is the alpha and omega of arming in Canada. Leaving aside

the whole question of what Canadians might like to do, what we should be studying now is what we are likely to have to do. My own private opinion of the matter is that many of our young men under arms are going to be kept busy at home. This is not to say that any enemy power is likely to land an armed force on this continent, because it is eminently doubtful if it can be done, or if such a force, once landed, could be sustained amidst a hostile population, or supplied across thousands of miles of open water, because it does not seem likely that we shall lose control of the seas. The fact remains that the possibility must be taken into our calculations. That our enemies have considered it was proved long since.

The view that our geographical position renders us invulnerable is not acceptable. Conceivably we may have a tremendous task on our hands to keep open the lifelines of communication and defend them from attack from without and from within. To the high-spirited youngster who has been listening too much to the roll of the drums and the skirl of the pipes this may all sound extremely prosaic and not at all in keeping with what he wants to do. Contrary to the general estimate of those whose military knowledge consists of enjoying the fanfare of a march-past or the church parade, whether from the sidewalk or the rear rank, however, wars are not won by being splendidly romantic. This is an extremely prosaic trade, based on the dire necessities of survival.

The services of a large part of our virile Canadian youth are likely to be needed to man the defences of Canada, and our whole scheme of training and our whole plan of arming should be carried out with this end in view before all others.

What would be the nature of an attack upon Canada? The danger is twofold and it involves, first, the possibility of bombardment of the keystones of our national economy from the air or the water, and, second, the definite probability of sabotage from within. Obviously this country is going to be one of the great supply depots for our Allies, much more so than on the last occasion when democracy was saved. Tremendous supplies of foodstuffs will require to be moved from the mid-west plains to the coast. Beyond this, Canada is becoming a source of arms-making and other war-goods manufacturing. For every new arms plant established here, for every new armament order placed in Canada by the British War Office, however, a lessening of the safety factor takes place and our vulnerability increases. For every war industry established in the Dominion, therefore, the number of Canadians required for home defence will increase.

It seems unnecessary to call attention to what a few well placed bombs could do to our national economy. Our entire inland transportation system could be disrupted overnight. A single hulk scuttled in the St. Lawrence ship channel during the summer would

dislocate ocean-going transportation for weeks and tie up hundreds of thousands of tons of shipping, rendering it useless to our cause. The arrival of winter might then intern all such bottoms for a further period of months. One bomb flung into the Welland or Soulages locks might bar the interior's water highway to the sea. By such intriguing enterprises, then, much of the effort of this Dominion could be nullified instantaneously, the value of its arms plant destroyed and the movement of essential goods halted. Under these circumstances it becomes apparent that a great part of our armed forces can be of infinitely greater service here than by acting in the much more heroic capacity of line soldiers abroad. This, then, though not the role which Canada's young men would *like* to play, is one they *must* play, by virtue of sheer necessity.

The species of training required for service for the defence of Canada is at variance with that to be followed in preparing a civilian army for service abroad. Long before war came it was an accepted fact that any sound Canadian defence plan must first take into consideration the protection of our vulnerable coast line. Thus, our Atlantic and Pacific seaboard should be bristling with equipment designed to reject attack from air and sea. Such equipment obviously must be established on land, in the air and afloat, whether provided in the last instance by ourselves or by the British Admiralty. The need is for strong, rigid

coastal defences, for anti-submarine devices and defences against mines, for anti-aircraft equipment and, beyond this, for highly mobile mechanized units to reinforce these and for inland operations.

Hence Canada must train its young men in coastal artillery work, in anti-aircraft fighting, in defensive flight and in all military schemes designed to maintain our highways to the open sea and protect our ports.

Internally, we must be ready to defeat the nefarious plans of the *saboteur*, a species likely to be much more active in Canada in this war than he was during the last. Obviously, then, keen watch and ward over the nation's industrial and transportation plant are required, and I venture to believe that every mile of railway, every acre of plant, will have to be operated under constant military supervision. What Canada needs, therefore, is a defence force trained primarily in preventive activity. This is said at the outset simply to bring home the thought that our first task is to defend this continent, no matter how prosaic the role may seem, no matter how deeply we may want to get at our enemy's throat.

II

Without question, the most unattractive feature of any war-preparations programme is that it is conducted in an atmosphere of tremendous emotional tumult, whereas for a people concerned primarily with

the defence of their own territory and their way of living it should be (because of its very distastefulness to them, if for no other reason) the most calculating and cold-blooded activity in which they can engage.

Much of what has been said by people anxious to "get a crack at Hitler" has been the sheerest emotional poppycock, almost none of it possessing any bearing on circumstances as they are, or as they are likely to be.

The question of Canadian preparation hinges primarily on our ability to defend the Dominion of Canada. This is of interest to all of us as Canadians and of equal interest to those amongst us who are in favour of a maximum Canadian effort to beat Hitler. On the basis of first-things-first, then, I submit that the country should now be bending every effort towards securing action in the direction of strong Canadian defences and in the training of all military arms in the country to man them.

What, then, should our present military preoccupations be?

We should be equipping ourselves with the latest types of combat machines to take the air against possible invading bombers, planes of cruising radius sufficient to enable them to fly out to sea and engage an attacking aerial force, or to hunt submarines which were reported to be present in North American waters before the war was a month old. In fine, Canada requires an air force capable of protecting all vital points

which may be within range of enemy craft, no matter whence these may be despatched. Have we such an air force now? Have we, trained or in training, a sufficient number of competent pilots and the servicing force required on the ground?

We should be equipping ourselves with major anti-aircraft defences on the ground and training personnel in their effective use. Are we doing so?

We should be fortifying our coasts to answer bombardment from the sea effectively with counter-bombardment. Do we possess modern coastal fortifications, modern guns in modern emplacements, properly trained artillerymen to man these?

Our infantry should be trained primarily in repelling an attempt to land an enemy force on these shores. Such a force should be highly mechanized and mobile. Have we such an infantry force? If so, is it so equipped?

The aim of our defensive scheme should be, first, the placing of nucleus units at all vulnerable coastal points to withstand the first brunt and, second, the creating of well-placed mobile forces to be moved rapidly into support, the plan being devised to prevent a breach until such time as greater forces become available from the United States which obviously is as interested in any scheme of Canadian defence as Canadians are.

We should be engaged at this time in the preparation of effective means to protect our water inlets and

the entrances to our ports. This involves the use of mine-sweepers and all other devices calculated to protect shipping, the use of anti-submarine equipment, the use of detective instruments and the creation of an armed patrol force to throw against any enemy craft which might reach Canadian waters or in any way menace the movement of shipping to or from Canadian ports. Are we preparing such forces and the necessary men to man them?

In addition to the guarding of our coasts with adequate defences at sea, on land and in the air, we should be training other forces for counter-sabotage service throughout the country. To properly protect industrial plants, now established and to be established, in the Dominion, to assure the continued and continuous use of railways, inland waterways and highways, requires the service of many trained men. What is the nature of our specialized training in this regard?

What is written in the preceding paragraphs is not an attempt to teach the heads of our military forces their business. It is said solely in the hope of driving home to an exasperated and anxious people the fact that Canada's first job is to defend Canada.

Amongst other things a highly important step to be taken by Canada at this time is that of completely co-ordinating a defensive plan for this continent with our neighbours to the south. The

United States, in point of fact, constitutes the principal bulwark of our sanctuary on this continent and has much more to say pro and con our survival as a nation than anyone now dwelling beyond the Atlantic. Just as those friendly powers which are embattled side by side in the European cockpit long ago synchronized their military preparations, so should Canada and the United States engage in joint preparations for the defence of North America. To each should be allotted its own special functions. Each should understand completely in exactly what degree it will act in unison with the other, for just what assistance it may rely upon the other in time of need, where and how that assistance will be given, how the forces of each will be trained for such an emergency, how each will equip itself with that end in view.

A far cry, this, from the whoopings of thoughtless people who appear to believe that military circumstances stand today exactly where they stood on November 11, 1918 and that Canada's first duty, therefore, is to strip itself of its man power by throwing it into the fight now being waged in Europe. Our best way to serve that cause is, first, by safeguarding Canada's industries and the Empire's bread-basket. Only when we have assured ourselves that this is provided for can we turn our eyes to crusades on foreign fields. He would be a foolish man who ventured the view that our first duty is to equip an ex-

peditionary force for immediate service on the fields of Europe at the cost of leaving Canada's front and back doors open.

I repeat this is not an attempt to instruct those in charge of military affairs in Canada in their deportment, nor to tell the Government what to do. No doubt they are keenly aware of our needs. I am inclined to think a first-class organization job is being done. What is said is aimed at those who for months past have been rushing about the land, haranguing service clubs, baying into microphones and spilling good ink over newsprint, bellowing half-baked ideas about conscription and our last drop of blood, but ignoring completely any constructive thinking about the defence of this country and this continent. Such sloppy thinking, combined with noisy ranting, is designed to excite the Canadian mind, to stampede us into forms of national service which conceivably might not be good service to this nation, nor to the cause of democracy.

This, then, is the first step, our duty to make sure that the defence of our own shores is provided for. In the first World War Canada maintained four divisions in the field, in addition to supplying thousands of men for specialized services with British forces. But twenty-five years have made a tremendous difference in the ways of war and the viewpoint is already accepted that our way to victory will lie in the massing of our tremendous reserves of men and

materials for a long-drawn struggle. Already our Government is organizing the national power to that end. Recruitment of trained men who can be of inestimable service in industry on the home front has been blocked. This time it is apparent that skilled engineers will not be found in the cookhouse, peeling potatoes. At least the attempt will be made to marshal our specialists for tasks in which they can be of greatest service to the cause for which we fight. How much more sensible is this than the haphazard bungling which marked our entry into the first World War. Canada's clearly defined task is to defend its own country and to organize its industry so that a constant stream of war materials and foodstuffs can be funnelled into Britain. Only when we are able to see what this will necessitate in the use of our man power can others be released to participate in the fighting on foreign fields.

Already the conscriptionists are in full cry, this in spite of the Government's firm declaration that enforced military service will not be instituted without a change of administrations. What these enthusiasts fail to comprehend is what the effects of conscription would be. As a Quebecker who has had ample opportunity to study the effects of the ill-conceived Conscription Act of the last war I can only say that to repeat that folly would be to split Canada in two and that I am convinced that the ultimate result would be the permanent division of Canada, the end of

everything we have hoped for in terms of a truly national future. Voluntary service, on the other hand, will be productive of greater effort on the part of the people as a whole, particularly if that service is planned and organized on the sane basis which appears to be taking shape.

We face several tasks, then. We must arm for the defence of Canada. We must expand our industry so that we may render the maximum useful service to our allies. In addition we can perhaps contribute to the actual operations in the theatre of war. But let us abandon excited, ill-considered and thoughtless demands upon our national leaders for the immediate despatch of troops, or for the conscripting of Canadian man power. I have no doubt we shall all have ample opportunity to serve before we are done, before the spectre of the Beast is removed from our world.

Aux armes, citoyens! But let us arm ourselves for the tasks which we are best equipped to perform and for the duties which will best serve our cause, the cause of man's freedom everywhere! Above all, let us not forever be going off half-cock with insistent demands on Ottawa that this or that must be done without delay.

L'ENVOI

WHITHER, then, the cause of freedom? Are all our liberties to be scrapped on the eve of setting forth to save them? The irony of such a possibility is weird to behold, yet it would seem to be upon us in Canada. Actually, in cutting back to the pages of this book which deal with the decline of our liberties over the past years, I am almost inclined to believe that an apology is due those who have been engaged in bringing about that decline, notably in Quebec. This is said after looking to the legislation enacted by the corresponding Government in Ontario and notably towards that epic of democratic law-making entitled Bill Number Eight under which reeves and members of the *gendarmerie* may now deny the right to groups of citizens to meet in any public place to discuss any public question, without stating any reason for their refusal. So disappears free speech from the sovereign province of Ontario. The Padlock Law is no longer not the only blot on our escutcheon.

The writer's estimate of the matter sums up in the four words which are the title of this book. We must be free—now every bit as much as we hope to be when this war ends. No valid reason can be found for the

immediate destruction of our liberties. This country abounds in men and women of liberal thought who, like those of more conservative instincts, face the days ahead with heart-searchings which leave us with very little that is pleasant to contemplate in the immediate future. But such people enjoy the privilege of discussing the war and Canada's contribution to it every bit as much as others enjoy the patriotic right to voice demands for conscription, for the shipment abroad of expeditionary forces, or for any other contribution which, in their view, we ought to make. Our instincts may not be identical with those of these others—perhaps we are more interested in people than in nations—we are as anxious as they are to win, infinitely anxious to see our liberties saved, now and for evermore. I maintain with all the urgency I can muster that we Canadians must be free to live and move as we have always lived in Canada, that the way to combat Naziism is not by establishing it here “for the duration”, for if we surrender our freedom now it is doubtful if we shall find it easy to regain once the war ends. *We must be free! !*

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY



140 181

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY